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Archives
Dec. 1942

EDITORIALS

N. H. S. and Scrap

All the Needham schools, N. H. S. included, were asked to join the scrap drive. An enclosure was placed in our parking lot for the High School scrap. After much prodding, the students began to bring in their contributions. Old mud guards, pieces of pipe, flat irons, oil cans, the inside of a piano, and many other objects with salvageable qualities, made for a good-sized pile. The heavier pieces were collected from the homes of students by means of a truck. Let us hope that our contributions will supply some of the former N. H. S. students with arms and ammunition to help win the war.

In Behalf of Substitute Teachers

Most of us, no matter how good a pupil we may be, are guilty of one fault — not paying good attention when a substitute teacher has the class, and sometimes even disobeying him. Our view is, when he explains something differently from our regular teacher, that "He doesn't know anything; gosh! *we* could teach *him* this stuff!" or "That's not the way we learned it!" and we decide that we needn't listen, because we know it already, and, anyhow, we might get confused if we did listen. Should we put ourselves in the teacher's place, we would think very differently of the situation. He has probably been called to school on rather short notice and has not had much time to review the work. I'm sure that few of us could teach a class, even in something that we learned just last year. Furthermore, he is not acquainted with us, our names, or our habits. Someone who appears to be far away may be listening intently, or vice versa. Therefore, he hesitates as to what to do. We ought to try to be a help rather than a hindrance. In doing so, we might even be helped ourselves. So let's try!

Toward a Happier Christmas

This Christmas there will be thousands of boys in service camps all over the country who will be far from their homes and their mother's home-cooked turkey dinners. Many of these boys won't have passes to leave the camps, and their Christmas there will be made as enjoyable as possible. But those who do have leave should not have to spend Christmas Day roaming through the cold, dreary streets, and eating their Christmas dinner in a restaurant.

It should not be necessary for these men who are fighting for us to spend in this way the day that should be the happiest one of the year. And it isn't necessary. An extra place set at the table of every Needham family would give hundreds of boys a Christmas Day nearly as good as one spent with their own families. Those who have relatives and friends in the service would surely spend a happier day themselves, if they knew that their boys were spending the day with some family rather than alone in a city far from home.

Let's make Needham's motto for Christmas Day this year be, "A service man in every home!"

American Attitude

Robert McNamara, '44

Many people have said they were sick and tired of hearing about the war and all the poverty and starvation which have been caused by a few ruthless men who feel that their people should be rulers of the entire world. This attitude is not one that a true American should have. The men at Bataan were not able to forget the war and relax; the gallant defenders of Stalingrad did not and will not forget that there is a war being waged. Of course we say that we want to fight, that we want to get into the action — naturally.

BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT—IT DOES

That is the feeling of every red-blooded American, but we can't all fight, we are not all physically able; we are not all of age, and many of us, although we think we are ready, need mental training as well as discipline. A person is much more useful to his government if he waits at least until he has completed his high school training.

Until the time that he may be useful — boys in actual combat, girls in munition works and defense plants — there are many things that can be done in our community to help the war effort, and all of us can buy bonds and stamps to help insure a quick and decisive victory.

Is It Will Power?

Have you bought any War Bonds or Stamps lately? If we should question the student body, we would find that the answer of the majority would be no. Why is it that so few invest even irregularly in war stamps? Since the student body seem to have sufficient funds to attend all the latest movies and dances if it is their desire, we may rule out lack of funds as an explanation. Then, if there are sufficient funds, why does the stamp sale lag so? Is it for the lack of spirit? This is possible, but not very probable. For an example of fine spirit, we may take the boys on spotter duty, or in the auxiliary police and fire departments. The girls, too, have shown excellent spirit in their work at the Red Cross rooms. We have thus eliminated the two most obvious reasons for our school's poor showing with regard to the sale of War Stamps. The only other explanation for the situation is one that we certainly hope is not correct. Is it possible that the students with these funds, and showing this spirit have not the will power to overcome the temptation to spend that quarter for a soda instead of a war stamp? If this is the case, a will power should certainly be built up, for although the necessity for War Savings investments is expressed daily, it is apparently not appreciated by this class of nonsubscribers. Whether your explanation for not purchasing War Stamps falls in supposition one, two, or three, you should make an effort to correct this fault and help to make our school one hundred per cent regular subscribers to War Stamps and Bonds.

Physical Fitness

We are in a country at war, a country that is fighting for its very life. Most of us realize this, but do we also realize that unless we are a healthy country, physically fit at home as well as at the front, we can lose this war?

People at home must not only be strong, but free from colds and diseases as well. Every person who is sick deprives some soldier of needed medical assistance. We naturally cannot stamp out disease entirely, but we can do a great deal to prevent it. Dressing warmly during cold weather, eating a balanced diet, and getting plenty of sleep and fresh air go a long way toward making a healthy body.

Many schools, of which Needham High is one, are setting up a physical fitness program, designed to develop muscles, and to gain better muscular co-ordination and body contact. Sports, such as football, wrestling, hockey, and basketball, are a great aid to acquiring these. Skill in these exercises may mean the difference between life and death to some one of us in the near future. That little bit of extra strength, that will to win, may overpower an opponent at the last minute.

We must all work hard in this war, and to do this we must all be physically fit. This is a war where the fittest survive, and there is no doubt that with a little hard work *we* can be the fittest.

Early Morning Rain

Betty Burns, '44

Today when I awoke the sky was gray;
I heard against my window pane, a sound,
That made me loath to look upon the day
With leaves once bright and gay a sodden mound.
For yesterday the driving wind had piled them
Very high. I looked and saw what I had feared.
My friend of summer, rain, had spoiled the hem
Of Autumn's dress and winter had appeared.

I closed my eyes and listened carefully.
I heard the drone of gently falling rain.
Its tone was that of one who thought that he
Could bury far from me the joy and pain
In life. It came to me that wet or dry
A day must be as clear as one's own sky.



LITERARY

"Champ"

Arthur Salamone, '43

Mr. Wilson, a small, middle-aged, depressed-looking man timidly entered the office of J. B. Knudson, head of the Textile Manufacturing Company. J. B., a large, dark-complexioned man in his early fifties, was bent over his desk, so engrossed in his work that he didn't notice the arrival of Wilson. From Wilson's position it was easy to see the cold features of J. B.'s face, which portrayed a hard fought, but successful life. The desk appeared quite bare, for the picture of his son, which usually occupied an important position on its surface, was not there. The son, an incurable cripple, had died but two short days before in spite of the valiant efforts of his father, who had spared no expense to see that his son got the best treatment available.

Finally Knudson looked up and saw Wilson standing there before him.

"Well," he said gruffly, "what do you want?"

"You sent for me, sir," replied Wilson. He had all that he could do to keep J. B. from perceiving his nervousness.

"Oh, yes. So I did. Well, Wilson," he said, "you know as well as I do that your department isn't paying its way. What's your excuse?"

Wilson was silent a moment and then dejectedly replied, "Times aren't what they used to be, sir, and the public hasn't found a need for our product."

"That's no excuse," said J. B. angrily. "It's your job to see that a demand is created. I'm sorry, Wilson, but I'll have to dispense with your services."

"But, sir," said Wilson pleadingly, "you know that I need this job to keep my son in school."

"Personal affairs," said J. B. coldly, "have nothing to do with the way I run my business."

"I realize that," said Wilson, "but if I can only let my son finish this year, he may be able to get along next year by himself. His marks are the best in the school and he has been so good in athletics that next year he has a very good chance of winning a scholarship."

"A regular champ, I suppose," said J. B. scornfully.

"Why, yes. In fact the other fellows have nicknamed him 'Champ,'" replied Wilson proudly.

J. B. was silent for a few moments. Finally, with a determined, yet condescending expression on his face he said, "All right, Wilson, give this transfer to the manager of department four. You're to be head of section B. Of course there will be a slight increase in salary, but I don't suppose that you will object."

Wilson, with an amazed look on his face, stammered, "No, sir," took the piece of paper, and hurried out as fast as he could. Apparently he feared that J. B. would change his mind.

As the noise of Wilson's footsteps died away down the corridor, Knudson slowly and dejectedly took out a package of letters from the top drawer of his desk. They were quite soiled and appeared to have been reread several times. He took the first letter, opened it slowly, and again glanced through its contents, as he had many

times before in the last two days. It was the last letter which his son had written him. He felt sick inside and yet a strange elation crept over him as he glanced through its contents: —
“This school has been the same as all the rest. I suppose that this is the way that it will always be for a person in my condition. But, dad, the place

isn't quite as bad as the others. There is one fellow here who is swell. Yesterday the boys were picking on me and he stepped in and stopped them. He even knocked one fellow down. Gee, dad, he's swell. The kids around here call him 'Champ.' That's all for now, dad, but I'll write again tomorrow. . . . ”

Blitz

Wm. Buttlar, '44

Blitz is my closest pal, even though he occasionally insists on having his own way. We never argue, nor have we ever had a quarrel. Nearly all of my money is spent to keep him happy. At present shoes for Blitz are a real problem because rubber is so scarce, and he won't wear leather ones.

If you are a sturdy and adventurous individual, you might enjoy a trip with Blitz and me. He will show his enthusiasm to commence by starting off with a “bang.” After several miles have elapsed, Blitz will become temperamental and have to be prompted, usually by a long push uphill. Descending hills is Blitz's specialty, and he travels quite rapidly.

Blitz is an ancient, but good, “not-used” car. Often he seems quite human, especially on cold mornings when he feels too lazy to go to school and I have to crank him. He will mildly object and nearly break my arm. But it isn't his fault that he is built that way. Henry Ford thought that he was a good car; so why shouldn't I? Of course he has aged gradually in the last ten years. No longer has he the polish that was so outstanding in all new Blitzes, nor is he as stylish as in days gone by. Beauty is only temporary, while personality is enduring. Blitz has plenty of personality and really has a wonderful nature. Few cars make as much noise as he, nor have they the distinguished appearance that accompanies old age. A ride with Blitz is as good as a gym workout. If you doubt my word, have a ride with us, but bring a spare tire, just in case.

Life in a Drop of Water

Robert Townsend, '45

What a queer animal it was! It kept swimming to and fro across the field of light, for I was watching a paramecium perform under a microscope. When it reached a bright light spot, it darted away trying to find a more favorable spot. Sometimes it hit the sides of the glass, or bumped against another object in which case it would turn around and swim in the opposite direction. After a while it slowed down as though it were getting tired and probably hungry too. Sure enough, soon it enclosed itself about a morsel of food and literally absorbed it. This process puzzles me, but it works and that is all the paramecium cares about. The little animal, with a good meal “under its belt,” felt much better after this and began to dart about again. By this time my right eye began to get tired so I changed to the left and almost lost my friend in doing so. I finally found him struggling through some mesh-like fringe with a paramecium-eating euglena on its trail. Just as the outcome of the race seemed apparent, I interceded with my scapula and dispatched the euglena, much to the relief of the paramecium. With gratitude written all over his face the interesting little animal darted into a crowd of its own kind and was caught up and whirled away in a stream of traffic which resembled Washington Street at high noon. When I saw it last it was happily tumbling end over end in the swiftly moving current.

* * *

His troubles raced through his mind until dethroned by sleep.

Joan Skinner, '44.

All for the State

Robert Macomber, '43

"Heil, Hitler!"

Through the cigarette-smoke-filled atmosphere of a dirty, although military appearing office rang the fanatical cry of "Heil, Hitler!"

On one wall of the room hung a large picture of "der Fuhrer," draped on one side by the Nazi flag and on the other side draped with the flag of the German secret police, the dreaded Gestapo. Behind the only desk in the room sat a large, stern, uniformed Colonel of the Gestapo. Around him were grouped several lieutenants, while through the open office door came the methodical clacking of a telotype machine.

"The dogs, swine," roared the guttural German voice of the Colonel, "who do they think they are to oppose the rule of our Fuhrer? These occupied countries must be taught a lesson. Our New Order is to bring peace, not continued resistance."

Through the open door burst a slight fellow, obviously the operator of the machine in the next room. "Herr Colonel, a despatch from Berlin," and as he said this handed to the man behind the desk a typewritten sheet of yellow paper.

"The chief in Berlin," said the Colonel after a hurried reading of the paper, "wants complete destruction of the underground group in this city. Possibly the acts of violence done by this underground group have increased the Fuhrer's insomnia."

"Ja, quite possibly," laughed one lieutenant.

"Well," continued the Colonel, "this calls for action on plan one."

"You mean, Herr Colonel, the plan to place a spy in the underground and then, through him, round up the underground leaders?"

"Ja, and Stumkopf will be the man."

"But it might mean his death."

"So?" said the Colonel. "Everything, if it becomes necessary, must be sacrificed for the State."

A week later everything had gone according to schedule until one day orders came to change the plan. The younger men did not like the change.

"But, Herr Colonel, the blowing up of the underground headquarters will also mean the death of our spy."

"Again, I say so?" said the Colonel. "His life is but one in the great number of sacrifices for the State. I would gladly give my own life, if it ever became necessary."

"But not poor Stumkopf," pleaded one lieutenant. "He has a family, a Frau and three children."

"Silence," roared the Colonel. "Now go and carry out your orders. Heil, Hitler!"

The sun rose blood red on the day of death, its feeble rays trying to penetrate the gloom of the Colonel's office. Silently, he sat drumming his fingers on the desk. In front of him lay an unopened dispatch. He sighed and shook his head.

"Oh, well, down to business." With that he opened the envelope with a metal letter opener whose blade in the sunlight appeared red with the blood of the Colonel's many victims.

Horried, he stared at the paper before him. "Himmel," he gasped, "what has happened?"

On the paper before him was the following message: "Because of Herr Stumkopf's nervous condition, due to worry about his family, he was removed from the work concerning the underground and in his place your competent son has been substituted. I have waited until now to notify you because I did not wish to worry you. (Signed) 'The Chief'."

The Colonel rushed from the office into the operation room. "Quick," he snapped, "we must stop the destruction of the underground headquarters."

Apparently the busy officer had not heard, for he jumped up from the desk and with pleasure he said, "Word has come through that the underground headquarters have been totally destroyed. Heil, Hitler!"

Dismayed and shaken in his convictions the Colonel turned and weakly murmured, "Heil, Hitler!"

Grade School Mystery

Dorothy Taylor, '43

It was a very warm spring day — just the sort of day when a young man's fancy lightly turns towards thoughts of love. But a very young man's thoughts are usually far, far away from love. Donny was no exception. He was thinking of his very desperate situation. The problem was how to get to MacCauley's pond. You see it was imperative that he feel again, after the long winter, the tingling sensation of the first dive, the serene feeling of just floating around on his back, and the thrill of swimming against the current of the stream. But the day was Tuesday. He still had four more days before Saturday. Four days, after all, is almost a life-time. What should he do? His mother, perhaps, would — He'd try anyway.

"Say, Mom, you know what?"

"Yes, I do know what," she answered. "If you don't stop day-dreaming and get busy, you'll be late to school."

"No, Mom, I don't mean that. I mean it's a pretty nice day, isn't it?"

"Yes, Donny, it is a lovely day. Why don't you start the new garden after school today?"

"No, Mom, I don't mean that, either. I mean it's a pretty nice day for the pond, isn't it?"

"No, not especially, and besides, Donny, it's a school day."

"I know, Mom, but I thought maybe —"

"No, Donny."

That was all. Donny knew his Mother's habits quite well. Why not? After all, they'd lived together almost nine years. And "No" had always meant no.

And Mrs. Thorndike, knowing Donny's habits quite well, too, was wondering if he was thinking at all of playing hookey. He never had, but there is always a first time. She decided to play wise.

"I'm going by the school this morning anyway," she said. "Let's go together."

As Donny and his Mother rounded the corner, Donny shuddered at the sight of the school. It was a sin even to look at a school on a day like this. And then, too, he had a plan of escape but

he was beginning to wonder if it would work. It had to. He heard his Mother say, "Well, good-bye and good luck. See you later."

"Bye, Mom." He didn't dare think what she would say to him the next time they met.

Class had begun and the teacher had just left on her daily errand to the office. The time had come!!! His whole body was throbbing — but he must keep in mind the ulterior motive, getting to the pond. Hastily he popped out of his seat. He pulled a gun on the class and shouted,

"Gang way, kids and suckers!" — and fled.

The class was in an uproar — the girls were crying, the boys were talking excitedly — when Miss Prentice, Donny's teacher returned. After frantic questioning had gotten her no where, she calmed herself and the class, and tried again.

"You must tell me what has happened," she pleaded, "so I can do something about it. Johnny, you tell me what has happened and if any of you disagree, say so."

Letting his childlike imagination carry him away he told the following story.

"Well, I guess it was right after you'd left that it happened. It sort of surprised me. I was just sitting when Donny Thorndike suddenly jumped up and pointed a gun at me. Then he pointed it at the class and then fired two or three shots up at your desk. I guess you'd be plenty dead now if you'd been here. And all the time he was talking crazy-like under his breath. I think he's gone off his nut! Oh, yes, and when he did leave he shouted at us 'Good-bye, suckers. Keep mum, or you'll be sorry!'"

Suddenly he realized that he hadn't kept mum and became frightened. In spite of urgent pleadings and even threats of her own, Miss Prentice got no more out of Johnny, or any one else either.

She had enough to know it was a case for the police, though, and notified them immediately after dismissing the class. After the police had hold of it, it wasn't more than an hour before the whole town knew of the boy. All afternoon the radio blared forth with "Calling all residents of

Westcott, calling all residents of Westcott — a young eight year old boy is running wild in your town with a loaded gun shooting at anything and everything. Notify Westcott 1910 if you know any thing of boy's whereabouts." And the evening paper carried the headline — Small Boy Running Wild With Loaded Gun.

The town, to say nothing of Donny's parents, was dumbfounded. He had always been one of the nicest boys in school. Everyone loved Donny Thorndike. What had ever possessed him to do a thing like that? Where had he gotten the gun? And what was his purpose for all that commotion?

The police were getting no where. Men were stationed on all the main and side streets, but at eleven o'clock not one of them had seen or heard the boy. At this point they were beginning to think that perhaps he had been picked up by an unsuspecting motorist. Again the message was sent forth and all the neighboring towns were told to be on the look-out for the child. Before twelve o'clock the whole eastern part of the state was looking for the child, but to no avail.

At this time Officer Harrington, friend to all the kiddies, was supposed to be on a month's leave. But even during vacation Mrs. Harrington could not keep him away from his work. All evening

he was talking about Donny, so she wasn't very surprised when he got out of bed at twelve o'clock and said, "I'm going for a little walk. I'll be right back."

He got the car out and cruised over towards the hut the fellows had in the Spring Street woods. He found nothing there, though, and went on down towards the Pond. About a mile from MacCauley's he got out and walked. He thought he would get Ned's old boat out and take a look all around there, but when he got in, his foot kicked against something. It was a body — the sound asleep body of Donny!

"Hey, Donny, wake up," Harrington said gently.

"Uh, where am I?" Donny asked

"You're down by the lake and it's past midnight."

"Oh, Harrington, please don't tell the folks where I am. They'll scold me awful. I'll never do it again, honest."

"Well, but they gotta know sometime. And aren't you hungry? They'd feed you. Let's go see them anyway. But first where is your gun and where did you get it?"

"Oh, this," he said showing Harrington a wooden gun, "the folks gave it to me last birthday."

They Call It Happiness

Louise Breda, '44

When you have found success at last
For all your struggles, night and day;
A smile keeps dancing on your face.
"That's happiness!" they say.

When lovers pass by, hand in hand,
And pause to kiss upon the way,
Their laughter rings, though people stare.
"That's happiness!" they say.

A man comes home, his day's work done,
To greet a wife and golden ray
From the fireside where his slippers stand.
"That's happiness!" they say.

When children have a cozy bed
To go to after hours of play,
And mother's arms to comfort them,
"That's happiness!" they say.

It's like a cheerful song
Which makes your life seem gay,
And folks all look in envy;
"That's happiness!" they say.

It's hard to find, to have and keep;
It doesn't always come to stay;
But when your heart feels light, hang on,
"That's happiness!" they say.

A Message to Marcia

Dwight M. Church, '43

Many years ago, a young man named Jones was engaged to a beautiful girl named Marcia. He was called away on business one day, and, since there were no telephones or mail service at the time, he was unable to notify Marcia. However, a friend of his, Roland, by name, offered to find Marcia and tell her that Jones would be gone for a few years. Three years later when Jones returned, he found Marcia, but she was married to Roland, who had delivered the message and then fallen in love with her.

Miles Standish ran into the same trouble when he sent John Alden to propose to Priscilla for him. The result was that Priscilla married John, and Miles was left in the lurch.

All through history we find this sort of thing going on. Just last week I had an experience which, by the way, prompted me to write this essay. (Of course my English teacher had something to do with it.) However, to get back to my story, I was reading the paper when I ran across an advertisement to the effect that "Ye Olde Antique Shoppe" had for sale one "Olde Mongolian Fannonscope". For twenty years I had been looking for a Mongolian Fannonscope; so I sent a clerk to buy it for me. The clerk took one look at it, and said, "Just the thing to cover the hole in the dining-room wall," and bought it, but not for me; oh no, he bought it for himself.

As you have no doubt guessed, I have been leading up to a point, which is this: Never send another person on a mission which is important to yourself. The result will inevitably be disastrous.

One man, and one alone, succeeded in avoiding this curse. His name, by the way, was Alexander Graham Bell. One day he suspected his assistant, Charles, of participating in a "little game" which was going on down-stairs. He did not want to send his other assistant to get him because undoubtedly the second assistant would sit in also. For a moment he was stumped, but he finally solved the problem. He invented the telephone, called Charles, and told him to get back to work.

The Beginning of Another Hockey Season

Betty Gerstner, '44

The frost is here and snow will fall.
Then to the hockey games
Will flock the loyal Bruin fans
Known by no better names.

Art Ross is having quite a time
To get some boys down here.
In case you do not know this man,
From this you'd better steer.

Last year the "Krauts" were sent up North
To help the Allied cause,
To lick the Nazis and the Japs,
And make them bide by laws.

In order to keep up morale,
Those donning brown and gold
Are players not called in the draft,
Old veterans, tried and bold.

Right now Ross has eleven men,
All names of whom you know.
He's gone to Canada for more
Who have the touch and go.

With goalie Brimsek as of old
And Dit, defensemen strong,
And don't forget Bill Cowley, who
In spring was laid up long.

With Shewchuck, Hollet, Cain, and Boll,
And Crawford, staunch and true,
Dutch Hiller and the Jackson boys,
It's quite a mighty crew!

Come one! Come all to see a game
With thrills and spills galore!
Forget your cares, and yell and scream!
You'll surely come for more!

Not the Type

Barbara Wells, '43

Ding-a-ling-a-ling — it was six o'clock. Pat groaned and turned over slowly and shut off the alarm clock. It was time for her to get up to go on her Sunday skiing trip with Jerry, her boy friend. She turned over again and bounced out of bed. As she was dressing, she thought back to a few months ago when she met Jerry at the indoor skating rink.

She said aloud, "If I hadn't met Jerry at the rink, he might never have gotten the idea that I'm the athletic type. Why couldn't I have fallen in love with an indoor man who likes the movies instead of an athlete who wears me out?"

Before she had a chance to eat her nice, hot breakfast, Jerry came and they left before she had time to finish.

When they reached the mountains where they were going to ski, Pat looked and began to feel dizzy and sick with fear. She told Jerry that she was just a beginner, but he assured her that it was nothing at all. A girl like her could learn in a day.

Instead of telling him the real truth, she decided to have a headache. As Jerry helped her fasten her ski boots, she said meekly, "I don't feel well. Maybe I ought to let it go until next week."

He looked up, full of concern and disappointment.

"You mean you don't feel well enough to ski just for a little while?"

Pat looked across the steep ski runs, and then said, "I feel miserable. It's one of my awful headaches. You go along. I'll stay here and watch you. I'd rather anyway. It's much more fun watching you."

Beating her arms about her, she wondered if skiing wouldn't be better than this; she was freezing. Her toes were numb; she wasn't sure whether they were there or not. Her hands were almost stiff. Through her misty eyes she could see Jerry in the distance, gracefully gliding down the steep, white slope.

It was the longest Sunday in Pat's life, and at the end of it she soaked in boiling hot water for

an hour. But when Jerry called in the middle of the week and invited her to a football game she couldn't refuse.

At ten o'clock, Saturday morning, it was raining. Surely Jerry wouldn't want to go to the game; so she decided to phone him at his office. He was angry.

"So you want me to give away the tickets to the last game of the season? What's a little rain?"

She gulped in surprise. "I'll—I'll meet you at noon."

By the time the first kick-off was played, the heavy rain turned to a drizzle. When she got tired of holding the umbrella, which Jerry provided for her, the wind blew the rain in her face. Her new, purple hat, the reward for a week without lunches, was spotted. She tried to pretend she didn't care.

Jerry showed no signs of weakening. He yelled and cheered until he was hoarse. Now and then he sneezed.

Pat asked, "Are you getting a cold?"

"Me? Say, I can stay outdoors in any kind of weather. Don't worry about me."

After the game, they went to a restaurant for a bite to eat. Before they had even ordered, Pat begged, "Take me home. I can't stay here any more." Her hair was bedraggled and she was cold and wet.

"You'd better stay in bed tomorrow," Pat advised when she reached her door.

"But, Pat," Jerry protested, "I thought we were going skiing tomorrow."

"Skiing! Wasn't an afternoon in the rain enough for you? It was for me."

"I'll call you tomorrow," Jerry said as he left, "if I don't go skiing."

The next day, Pat stayed in bed until noon. Hours passed with no word from Jerry; so she decided to call him to see if anything was wrong.

"Jerry," his mother told Pat, "has the gripe. The doctor says he must stay in bed at least a week. Why don't you come over and see him

tonight?"

She said, "I'll come over and see him about eight o'clock."

"Do you feel very bad?" she asked when she arrived. When she saw Jerry lying there flushed with fever, a huge lump formed in her throat.

"Awful, is the word for it. I think I'm going to die," he groaned. "My head is burning."

"Do you think," she asked boldly, "you'll go skiing next week-end?"

"Skiing?" he shouted. "Woman, do you want to kill me altogether? If I ever live through this I'll murder the next guy who tells me women like men to be great athletes."

"Did someone tell you that?"

"Yes, someone did! I told a fellow in the office about you and he said if you liked ice skating you must like all sports. He also said I'd have a better chance with you if I did those things." He paused, "I don't mind dabbling in sports, but I'm not going to run myself down doing it."

"Yes," she agreed.

"And another thing," he added, "you're going to change; I won't have you running around being athletic without me."

Pat smiled. "I'll give up everything for you," she said. "I guess I'm not really the athletic type."

Jerry exclaimed, "I've never been so happy in my life."

God Bless the Boys In Service

Evelyn Brill, '43

We march not at the battle front
Nor feel war's bitter sting,
But learn the strife of army life
From songs the doughboys sing.
They have the courage, ever strong
They wait not till tomorrow,
But do today what must be done
To banish grief and sorrow.

The Navy, Air Corps, and Marines
All face the dangerous task.
They fought to save the Philippines,
To raise war's dreaded mask
From all peace-loving nations
Who'll in the future say,
"God Bless the Boys in Service
Of the good old U. S. A."

God Bless the Boys in Service
Of the good old U. S. A.
We all stand at attention
As the boys march away.
We send them onward with a prayer
Across the blue-green main,
In hope that each one "over there"
Will return to us again.

For National Defense

Eunice Prior, '44

We are asked to conserve
In such a small way,
No one could refuse
This command to obey.

Helpful we must be
In winning this fight,
So much our boys give
While our duties are light.

A little less sugar,
Less rubber, less gas
Will help do the job
Ending bloodshed en masse.

Make sure to conserve
You can't be a hoarder;
Spend money for *Bonds*
To bring freedom and order.

* * *

Shadows are like jungle cats
Stalking after their prey
Silently and stealthily they follow,
Only to disappear at break of day.

Connie Healy, '44.

On Country Telephones

Lorraine Lowden, '43

My first encounter with one of those country contraptions, wrongly called telephones, came when I wished to relay to my family, 135 miles away, the news that I had been made a Junior Counsellor at camp. Probably I was much too excited in the first place to begin a half hour struggle with one of Mr. Bell's country inconveniences, for I did not realize that to use one I would need a peanut vender's voice, magnetic ears, a controllable temper, and, above all, superhuman patience.

The phone box was in the darkest corner of the camp garage, and was located at the height of my waist, so that I had the choice of either bending in half, or doubling up my legs, in order to talk into it. I chose the latter method, which I was soon to regret, for after a half hour in this position, the legs seemed to have become detached from the rest of my body when I attempted walking.

I had been told that to get the operator, all one did was turn the crank at the side of the box and then pick up the receiver. When I turned the crank, a cute bell rang; so I turned it again. As I picked up the receiver, I was asked by a vulgar voice if I thought I was a fire engine. Then this voice resumed a conversation with another voice about the weather. I picked up the phone several times, but all I learned was the latest town gossip and a wonderful recipe for blackberry jam.

At last no voices buzzed as I picked up the receiver, so I turned the crank. After a few minutes, a voice informed me that the operator had gone home to lunch, and that I'd have to wait. When the operator returned, her mouth obviously full,

* * *

Like an audience before us
Stretch the hills uneven —
Two tall ones sitting near the front,
A midget there beside them;
Now a slumbering one bent over,
Scattered here and there a bald one,
And now we see one capped with white;
However vast the view, not any are alike.

Eunice Prior, '44.

she asked me what number I wanted. I said "long distance", and was forced to listen to several muttered remarks about long distance telephoners. But soon the cheerful voice of long distance greeted me, and I gave the number joyously, only to be asked to spell out the exchange I wanted. This was very unsuccessful; so it was necessary to go through the "p as in pneumonia" process several times.

By this time, my heart had sunk to my big toe, and I was ready to give up and write the family a letter; but I was unable to move. So I waited. Finally a faint buzzing, and then an even fainter voice reached my ears. I explained to this voice, my mother's, who I was, but apparently she had never heard of me before, because she kept asking me to repeat and talk louder, even though I was screaming as it was. By the time she realized who I was, I had forgotten what I wanted to say, so after a few muttered syllables I hung up, staggered to my cabin, and collapsed on my bed.

The next day I received an Air Mail letter from my mother, asking if I had called because I was sick and wanted her and dad to come up to camp. She instructed me to call her again, and tell her what was the matter, only to please speak louder this time. But I had had enough long distance telephoning over a country telephone to last a lifetime, and since that fatal experience, I have turned and run the other way whenever it has been my misfortune to come in contact with one of these country crank cases. I am firmly convinced that they are the most complicated and inconvenient device known to man.

* * *

A fat lady, cape billowing about her like an angry sail in the wind, barged down the gangplank, to come to anchor in her husband's arms.

Ann Stevenson, '44.

* * *

The autumn leaves are masses of saucy, little impish faces that twist and turn and swirl to show their beautiful complexions.

Estelle Gray, '44.

The Two-Bit Captain

Robert Richards, '44

A "B-25" came in off the Atlantic in the late afternoon, and hit the east runway with a slight bounce. When it rolled to a stop, the crew piled out. The bombardier, canvas bag in hand, headed straight for the machine shop where Technical Sergeant Leonidas Fink was working.

"Sergeant, will you come here and have a look at this sight? I think one of the scales needs a slight adjustment."

Fink studied it a moment, and with their combined efforts, he and the lieutenant remedied the trouble. After the bombardier had left he heard the familiar voice of his friend, Sergeant Freeman.

"Hey, Fink, wotcha doin'? Fixin' the Looie's toys, I suppose."

"What do you mean, toys? No toy was ever put together like that. It seems to me, that there must be some kind of bombsight that would be cheaper to make, and would have less intricate mechanism. Why, look at all the labor and money it takes to make just one of those sights. The Army could use a cheap make to good advantage."

"Oh, sure," said Freeman. "We'll just grow 'em on trees."

"I think I could design one."

"Are you kiddin'? The Army took years to perfect the best bombsight in the world, and now you want to invent a new one, just like that."

"Maybe I will, at that," thought Fink, as he headed for his barracks.

Sergeant Fink spent the next two evenings working out some ideas he had in the back of his mind, and on the third day, he went to town to get the equipment he would need. It consisted of a cheap carpenter's level and a few odds and ends that came to less than twenty-five cents.

After another five days, Fink had produced from this array of parts, a queer-looking instrument that he called a bombsight. According to Fink, it could be operated by a child; however, it had not yet been tested.

When Sergeant Fink explained his invention to the commander of the field, he was reluctantly allowed the use of a training bomber and several dummy, sand-filled bombs.

He fitted out the bomber with his sight and then he and the pilot took off with fingers crossed. As they approached the target, Fink nervously puttered with his invention. They were now on the range, and the two-hundred foot lime circle appeared as a pinpoint in the rifle-like sights. Now!

The small plane lurched slightly as the bomb left its rack. Four times they crossed the target, and three times, puffs of dust appeared in the tiny circle below, one a bull's-eye.

After this demonstration the C. O. suggested that, with any improvements Fink might want to make, a bombsight of his be placed in one of the regular patrol bombers. Now for the real test!

This time, however, Fink's duties compelled him to remain at the base, meaning that another man would have to operate his invention. The sector where the bomber operated was a hotpoint of U-boat action. The bombsight would probably get its try-out very soon.

By this time, Sergeant Fink's invention was pretty well known of, about the field, and everybody from commanding officer down to grease-monkey was anxiously awaiting the return of the bomber.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Here she comes," and there was a rush to get to the plane as soon as it rolled to a stop. As the crew came out, the bombardier came up to Fink and said, "Congratulations, Sergeant! Your sight works like a charm. We caught a "Heinie" charging on the surface, and broke his back with a direct hit."

That same evening, Sergeant was called to the C. O.'s office where he was informed that a wire had been received from G. H. Q. giving him a commission as captain and ordering him to Washington for further developments of his bombsight.

On his way out, Fink met his buddy, Sergeant Freeman, and told him the news.

"My, my," said Freeman, "what is the Air Corps coming to? From sergeant to captain, all for the price of two-bits!"

Pleasure in Cards

Carolyn Franke, '43

What can be so enjoyable as a game of bridge? In my opinion it ranks high among the sociable "musts." Oh, I do not mean the bridge game that is played by the four "card-know-it-alls", but the game that is played for pleasure by a four-some of amateurs. I like to think of the card table as a stage upon which four actors are giving a playful skit rather than a drama involving life and death.

Yes, many complain about the women who come to the bridge game with their bags of handi-craft, and the latest recipe in cookies, which, incidentally turns out to be the old-fashioned ginger cookies with cocoanut added. They even eye in disgust Mrs. Ace's little Johnny, who although in the "adorable age" succeeds in breaking at least one Dresden china vase. But they who complain so, certainly are wrong, for what would a bridge game be without a few laughs or added attractions?

The greatest benefit one may obtain from the bridge game is news. To be sure, not news on current national affairs, but news of the local type. Certainly among the group of players there is at least one gossip column who is overbrimming with a store of human interest items. One may hear of anything from the fight in the Smiths' household to the fact that Jarvis Jake (the ever-so-timid type) wants to join the Fighting Marines. Certainly the bridge game saves one from reading the local "Gazette" to know the gossip, if the above items could be printed as such.

Now, at last, comes the matter of a prize — the goal of an enjoyable game. I am sure that our players have not slipped up on a few plays — oh, but let that slide, for we are not all Culbertsons. They have had a good time; whereas, the four "wizards" by now have cricks in their neck and eyestrain from concentration on the cards. The wizards game may even break up in the loss of at least one good friend. The prize for our first group must, according to custom, cost only ten cents — incidentally a few declared that Mrs. Hacker's prize of last week could be bought in F. W. Woolworth's for seven cents. The win-

ner, if truly called so, receives amid great laughter anything from a pot scraper to an ivy plant. The players return home with a satisfied feeling of having spent an enjoyable evening, although headaches and other ailments may result from that delicious something topped with whipped cream, — well, we don't know what, but it was good.



God's World

Nancy Mae Grant, '44

The world of God is great indeed;
His word is all supreme.
The mind of God is everywhere
And never lost in dream.

The government of God is true.
He rules with right divine,
And none of us will ever lack
His judgment through all time.

He is a friend to every thing;
To bud, to beast, to man.
He blesses all in wondrous ways
All o'er the broad earth's span.

The work of God is always good
And never else could be,
For God is mightiest of all
And is my life to me.

* * *

The moon is a silver pitcher high
Dripping the stars into the sky
Spattering the clouds with a shining spray
Then spilling out the milky way.

* * *

The wandering path crept through the woods
with the uncertainty of a baby's footsteps.

Nancy Rice, '44.

A Late Autumn Rain

Priscilla Brooks, '44

The cold rain from the north drops steadily
Upon the few remaining withered flowers;
There is no moon, or even stars to see —
Just rain that drips unceasingly for hours.
A chilly wind is moaning in the trees
And sighing through the cracks around the door.
There is no other sound besides the breeze
And constant rain a-pattering—more, still more.

The trees, unclothed, stand dismal in the rain,
And friendly houses, with their homey glow
Reflected on each glistening window pane,
Invite them to come in before the snow,
They tantalize them with their beck'ning light,
This cold, wet, dark, and dismal autumn night.



Friendship

Jane Christison, '44

True friendship is a rare and thrilling thing.
A real friend knows, without the use of words,
How loveliness can make your full heart sing —
Such things as clouds and sun and joyful birds.
Inside the city limits of our hearts
Dwell only people we profess to know;
But, where the fresh, green country side departs
From city thoroughfares, our dear friends go.

They've learned to listen to the things we say,
And find among our thoughts the ones that shine
Like stars, which all too soon are turned to day;
Forgotten by the rest — not called divine.
Thus we find, mirrored in their memories,
A picture of ourselves just friendship sees.

* * *

Oh drive that east wind hard and fast,
Push it onward past my door;
And let it cry and rage still more
For I am home at last.

Allen Simons, '44.

A Sea Experience

Betty Jo Dickson, '44

I have a cousin aged nineteen,
And though that's not so strange,
This cousin is a sailor boy;
First yeoman is his range.

He sailed about from sea to sea,
Until he reached a port;
The ship was anchored several days
Right near a famous fort.

A general alarm was given
With really no concern,
But as he sauntered to his post,
A bomb hit near the stern.

As he was on the star-board side
He hastened to the left.
A bomb then fell where he had been;
The aim was very deft.

The mate then saved the crew when he
Did disconnect the wires,
Which would have put off T. N. T. —
The mate died in the fire.

Soon came the call, "Abandon ship,"
And into the waters warm,
My cousin jumped among the sharks,
Which all around did swarm.

The ship was burning very fast,
And soon began to totter;
A lifeboat came along just then,
And took him from the water.

The ship went down so very calm
That suction was not felt;
The lifeboats reached the hard, dry land;
The bombs began to pelt.

The Japs were driven soon away;
A prayer was on each lip:
"We thank thee, God, for saving us
To take another trip."

The Reward

Carolyn Franke, '43

It was a crisp winter day and the heavens were white with snow about to fall. The wind increased with fury and nearly tore the old wooden door from its hinges as it was opened by a lad who was about twenty years of age. "Father, father," shouted John as he rushed in, "the boat leaves next Thursday!! The priest will give me the blessing in church this Sunday!"

The father could not speak. Joy held back his words. For nearly fifteen years he had put aside his hard-earned money in the little bucket on the shelf so the elder of his sons might have passage on a boat leaving for the United States. John's father was Polish and had worked for many years under a wealthy land owner. The father had had no opportunity to be educated, and the little money he did earn had to be used for the bare necessities of life. Thus, each day it had been his prayer that at least one of his sons could go to America. "My son," said the father at last, "let us kneel and say a prayer of thanks."

"Now, Stan," he said to the other boy sitting on a stool, "lay aside your book and run to the shed and fetch some wood for tonight's fire. John, get your violin out; we will all sing before we go to our beds."

The father and his two sons stood side by side before the open hearth, John strumming on his father's old violin, Stan and the father chiming in with their favorite folk songs. As the red and yellow embers gradually died away, the three climbed a narrow ladder leading to a loft. They crept between the old quilts and the hay.

The week quickly passed, and Thursday found father and sons on the landing dock. Flakes of snow were flying around, and the boat itself looked like a huge iceberg. Today John was leaving. He was dressed in a grey suit given to him by a neighbor; his few belongings were neatly packed in a round, straw basket; and under his arm in a worn, leather case was his violin. John was speaking. "And, father," he said, "I promise to send some money each month. I'll certainly earn a great sum working on a large farm in Minnesota."

And John fulfilled his promise. But to those on the Polish farm, it seemed as if a year had gone by before John's first letter arrived. The priest had notified Stan that the letter was at the little general store, and Stan fairly flew over those seven miles to town. "The money did come, it did!" shouted Stan when the father returned home that evening. "I'll save it in this little bucket until I have enough to buy that set of books on medicine the priest told me about, and perhaps some day I can even go to Warsaw to study at the University." Again the father did not speak. He went to the window, kneeled, and said a prayer.

Regularly for over ten years John sent money home to his brother. With every sum he enclosed a letter telling about America, his life on the farm, and the people whom he met. One letter carried special news, for it said, "By the time you receive this, father and Stan, I will have become a citizen of the United States. I cannot express my joy or even wish for anything more, except that you were both here . . . I have become manager of the entire farm."

Shortly after this news had arrived at the Polish farm, war broke out. In America John enlisted in the United States Army. To those on the farm he said, "Certainly this is the least I can do for a country that has given so much to me." The others silently agreed, but in their hearts they were sorry to see him leave.

John had been in the army only a few months when he volunteered "to go across." Never once was he in a position other than at the front; yet he fought not with the desire to kill, but with love for his country. In action John was wounded in his eyes and was sent to a hospital in Austria. However, he said to himself, "I'll be back to help finish this job which we have to do."

For many months John lay in the hospital bed in complete darkness. It seemed to him as if he were in another world, for he could see nothing and the few words he did hear told him little. The thoughts running through his head constantly were of the farm in America, and of his father

and brother in Poland. Since the outbreak of the war, he had received no news from them; he knew not whether they were alive or dead.

While John was reminiscing, he heard footsteps approaching and the soft voice of a nurse said to him, "You will now be taken into the operating room; the doctor has just arrived."

"Operating room!! but nurse, is it . . ." But the nurse had gone, and he was slowly being wheeled in his bed, somewhere.

It was the next morning before he awoke from the anesthetic. Bandages were still over his eyes. In a low voice the nurse beside his bed said, "The operation is over now; we do not know whether

it has been successful, but greatest confidence should be placed in the specialist who has performed the operation. Shortly he will come to remove the bandages. You ask of the war; John, armistice has been declared and we are victorious!"

After several weeks of anxious suspense, John one morning heard someone approaching whom he guessed to be the doctor. There was a silence; John felt the doctor looking at him for quite some time. Slowly, the tape and the bandages were removed from his face. Standing before him with a smile on his face and dressed in the customary white uniform of a doctor, John could see his brother, Stan.

Freedom

John Carre, '43

"You never know what kind of scrap you're going to find next in this shed."

"I know son, but no matter what kind of scrap it is, it's all going to a good cause."

A clanging of metals was heard from an old shed as Mr. Brown and his fourteen-year-old son, Jimmy, were collecting all their old scrap for salvage.

Jimmy was a young healthy lad who came from a long line of pioneers. His grandfather had been one of the settlers of the West, and Jim's sturdy body reflected their character.

"Look at the gun I found, father. It must be very old. It's dated 1860; why, that's one year before the Civil War."

"Yes, that's one of great grandfather's guns. It used to hang over the fireplace until a few years ago. I'll wager if it could talk it could tell some mighty interesting stories."

"I think I'll take it in the house and then in the morning I'll put it back in the pile."

They both went in the direction of the house.

After supper Jimmy took the gun up to his room and put it in the corner. He undressed and got into bed. Soon he was fast asleep.

"Hello, Jimmy. You worked hard today."

"Yes, but who are you?"

"I'm the spirit of the gun that stands in the corner."

"I didn't know guns could talk."

"On special occasions we can. You are doing a fine job and every pound of scrap is needed for this war."

"You see, I was made in 1860 just before the Civil War. My owner was your great grandfather, then a young man. He took good care of me and together we fought with the north for freedom. Then, as now, the young men were ready to die for freedom. They were fighting for the freedom of the negroes, too. Their ancestors had come over here to see that everyone had this opportunity; and they also saw to it. The government was preserved and was to go on as one country under the Stars and Stripes."

"I was handed down to your grandfather and moved with him out West. There too I was used for the cause of freedom. Rustlers and outlaws threatened to end the freedom of men. But because of courageous men fighting for freedom they were suppressed."

"Although I was obsolete, I remember when your father left to fight for the cause of freedom in 1918. He used to tell of his experiences over in Europe and how the army moved up to the front under heavy fire. This was another war for

freedom. Freedom is something that will not be taken away as long as there are courageous men in this world who realize that it is worth fighting for.

"Now again in 1942 a war is waging for freedom. I will go into the scrap pile and take my place in the munitions factory. Nothing is too small and all the people must give, in an all out effort. When this is multiplied by the thousands of people it will be a huge amount."

"Gee, I never thought of it in quite that way."

"Yes, Jimmy, the people fighting for this true

cause for freedom will win this war. Now I must leave you. Good luck, Jim."

Sitting up in bed Jimmy pondered, "Where are you? I must have dreamed all this."

"Now I realize more than before that our effort must be all out and ceaseless. Freedom. That is the word that stands for all that is worth while in life. It can not be taken for granted."

"We will fight until all the dictatorships are overthrown and the peoples of the world are given another chance to have freedom."

On Butchery

Robert Tisdale, '43

Many people have heard and talked about killing a fowl, but when the truth is revealed only a handful will be found to have actually participated in this task. One must be a nerveless individual with little or no conscience if the execution is to be a success.

There are several methods of slaughter. The turkey shoot is more of a sporting proposition than is the ax. But nevertheless the ax remains supreme. The history of mankind has been repeatedly affected by this instrument. Its quick, effective blow has ended the career of more than one English noble. The guillotine, a slight modification of the ax, contributed its share toward putting an end to French monarchy.

The writer found that the ax must be sharp to do a clean job. A chopping block is usually employed as the object in which the unspent force of the ax is absorbed. Of course if there is to be an execution, there must be a victim. Therefore, the prey must be brought to bay, a job which holds several possibilities. The beginner may prefer to wait until dark and take the sleeping bird by surprise. But those whose veins run with sporting blood will always accept the chase. They love the sport of rounding up the flighty hen into some hidden nook where she becomes an easy prey. Her hideous squawking and frantic wing flapping are enough to scare Mussolini into surrender, much more cause an amateur to release his valuable catch. This tragedy may be averted if the victim is car-

ried by her feet in such a manner that her body swings earthward. In this position she remains helpless, and is there viewed for a last time as a pet, a harmless creature maintaining an innocent existence here on earth.

This image stimulates the axman's mind to ponder on the nature of life. Might not animals have souls? Surely no scientific or authentic knowledge has been advanced to the contrary. Just who has the authority to draw a line of demarcation between living things with and living things without souls? He might even experience obsessions on immortality and ask the purpose of this mysterious universe. Perplexed by these unanswerable questions, he consoles his humble brain with the notion that man is higher than the animal who is here for his benefit.

Now with a clear conscience he proceeds to render the poor hen's anatomy asunder. The keen steel blade quickly does its job on the long slender neck. The bird is then dressed and readied for the oven. At this point our fine unfeathered friend is no longer visualized as an egg-laying pet but as man's means of sustenance.

To him with the guilty conscience and tender heart this ghastly experience will be followed by a belated sympathy and yearning for his dear old friend. Belated, indeed, for all the king's horses and men couldn't get Humpty Dumpty together again.

On Home Movies

John Barr, '43

The other day I saw Bill. Bill is a distant friend of mine whom I had not seen for several years. He seemed quite pleased to see me and invited me to his home that evening for dinner. He explained that a few intimate friends of the family were dropping in and his mother wouldn't mind an extra guest. I consented happily, as I knew my own family was to have a boiled dinner that evening. I despise boiled dinners. Therefore, I repeat, I consented happily.

I arrived at Bill's at the appointed hour and was properly introduced to the family and the friends he had spoken of. The friends all proved to be relatives. Soon after my arrival we repaired to dinner, where I enjoyed a delectable plate of pork chops and beans. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed two delectable plates of pork chops and beans. After dinner we sat around the table until one of the relatives suggested that Billy show his moving pictures. Everyone thought it was an excellent idea, even I; but that was because I had never seen any home movies before. We went into the living-room where I was forced to assume an exceedingly uncomfortable position on the floor, for the family and relatives occupied all the available chairs. The projection apparatus was set up after a great deal of tedious labor by Bill. Then the great moment came. Bill announced that he was ready. The lights were snapped out and the projection began. The image on the screen was perfectly clear in every detail, but I couldn't make head nor tail of it. That was because it was upside down. After the exclamations of surprise and laughter had died down, the lights were turned on and Bill readjusted the machine, keeping up a running stream of excuses while he worked. He had to remove all the film which he had previously threaded and then replace it. For the life of me I didn't see why Bill didn't turn the machine upside down, but I kept that bit of intelligence to myself as I thought Bill might be offended if someone should explain the simplicity with which the problem could have been solved. Bill is always fairly intelligent, but I suppose he just hasn't got the ability to think

things out scientifically as some of us have:

After ten minutes of working and cussing (the latter under his breath) Bill finally said that he was ready to begin again. The room was plunged into a momentary darkness until the projector began grinding. This time the images on the screen were clear and erect and they were certainly people, but it was a very backward race of people. That is, they were all racing backwards for no apparent reason. I admit that I was more than a bit shocked at the unorthodox actions of the subjects and I rather strongly suspected the influence of alcohol. But such was not the case. It was merely that the film was being projected backwards because Bill had neglected to rewind it after his last showing. When Bill said that he would have to rewind it, my heart sank. I could picture Bill patiently rewinding the thousands (there must have been thousands) of feet of film far into the night. But no, it seems that the machine not only projects but rewinds. Even so, I think Bill could have done it almost as quickly by hand, for he hemmed and hawed and cursed and threaded and wound for what seemed like hours.

For the third time Bill announced himself ready and started the machine. The first film was a reproduction of the whole family making a big fuss over cousin Martha's two-year-old baby. The entire audience, except me, was sent alternately into hysterics and convulsions by the antics of the baby and the poor thing's various relatives. They didn't seem to mind the fact that the film was generously punctuated with glaring white or dismal black spaces, nor did they seem to notice that the images at times had the appearance of full-blooded negroes and at other times looked like a group of patients suffering from advanced anemia. Nor did it bother them in the least that the scenes shifted and changed in a manner that wasn't a bit soothing to the eyes. The film ended with a roaring applause and the lights were turned on. Poor Bill, I can see his face now as he looked down on the tangled heap of film that was spread on the floor. He had forgotten to

make arrangements for the projected film to be wound on a reel and the result was catastrophe. But Bill faced it like a soldier. He declared heartily, but not convincingly, that he could rewind the mess in a jiffy and proceed with the numerous unshown reels. The family was quite happy, but I was in absolute terror of being subjected to the sight of the ominous looking spindles and I made

a rather lame excuse about a previous appointment and took my leave into the soothing night air.

I carried away with me one conviction that night. A home movie is just as boring to an outsider as it is delightful to the circle with which it is concerned. If anyone has an amateur movie to show, please don't invite me to see it. Please!

Yawns and Yawning

RUTH WHEELER, '43

Lately, I have become very much interested in the subject of yawning—not only in public yawns but also in private ones. There is a difference you know. The public yawn is made quite openly, showing an ugly expanse, of tongue, teeth, and the whole of the inside of one's mouth, and is usually considered very rude. The private yawn is most often made in the privacy of one's own room, or it may be made in public—but instead of yawning outright one swallows the yawn, and makes a very unbecoming face. You can always tell when one is making the so-called "private yawn" in public, because tears come to the subject's eyes, he makes an extremely wry face, and for the moment or two doesn't quite know where he is. As I think "public yawns" are more interesting than "private" ones, I am, for a little while going to speak on that subject.

Yawns are made in public for any number of reasons. The yawns of tiredness and boredom are the best known and perhaps the most interesting. You can always tell a tired yawn because the person making it usually opens his mouth amazingly wide and the yawn is usually accompanied by a stretch. Probably the person making that yawn has not been to bed for several nights, or perhaps he has been cramming the night before and has gotten to bed around 3:00 o'clock and has had to rise at 6:00 o'clock. I usually feel very sorry for the people making these gargantuan yawns, because I know just how they feel.

A yawn made because the subject is bored can be most enlightening. In fact, I am especially interested in these "bored" yawns, for they are so terribly obvious and yet so very subtle. There is

the yawn of the wealthy dowager at an uninteresting lecture. You can spot her right away, for she always opens her mouth about half way, raises her fingers to her mouth, and pats it very gently six or seven times, and then very absent-mindedly rests her face in her hand as if she had not been yawning at all.

Then there is the yawn of a young man discussing the beauties of some feline member of a household with an old-maid aunt, while waiting for the young niece to appear. This yawn is almost swallowed, for the young man does not want to appear rude, and yet there is nothing he dislikes more than cats. Of all yawns, I think this is my favorite.

Then, of course, we can not forget the "church yawn". This is the best known of them all. Everyone has been told of it and yet it can always stand one more telling. You and I have both seen the person in church who starts with a polite yawn such as the dowager might make, then fifteen or twenty minutes later, if there is still no sign of the end of the sermon, makes the yawn of the student who had been cramming all night, and then thirty minutes later if there is STILL no sign of the end, makes a yawn as if he had not been to bed for three or four nights, and slides down in his seat for a nice peaceful little nap.

The subject of yawning is a never-ending one, and could be talked on forever, but I think I have probably bored you to the point where you are yawning the "wealthy dowager" yawn. As I do not want to bring upon myself the disgrace of having you slide down in your seat to take that "peaceful little nap," I shall end here.

Football

Robert Macomber, '43

The sound of a whistle rings through the crisp fall air. From one end of a long field rushes a group of men who look intent on taking someone and tearing him apart. From the opposite end of the field rushes another group of men. A small, brown, oblong object bounces up and down. One man picks it up and starts to run. Some of the men run in pursuit of him. At last he is caught and jumped on by about a dozen men. This is football, a sport that is the best developer of body and mind in the world.

As it appears, it is a hard, rough game. It involves body contact, agility, strength, and speed. Any one playing the game must expect to get hurt. As one authority on the game states, "If you don't want to get hurt, then for goodness sake don't play football." The game's greatest benefit is the teaching of boys to give and take both physical and mental punishment.

From the days of the cavemen to the present, life has been a game of football. One country takes the "ball" and advances over another country until the others rise and take the "ball" away. Life has always been give and take, with the survival of the fittest.

The sport of football is a body builder. Take any young boy, place about fifteen pounds of various equipment on his back, knock him down and pick him up for about an hour a day, have him run several miles a week, and in two weeks he will be stronger and physically fit.

The game is a memory developer. This fact may not be apparent to the ordinary observer, but any one who has played the game knows the intricacy of the different plays. There may be as many as thirty different plays used in one game, both offensively and defensively. With eleven different positions on the team, each having different assignments, one can see there is much for each player to memorize.

The playing of football develops timing and

coördination of the muscles. The game of football is based on team work. If the whole team does not work as one, then the team will not function with the precision that is necessary for victory. Individual performance does not count if the team does not work with correct timing and coördination. The ability of men to work as a team is going to be one of the factors in the winning of the war.

Perhaps the most important thing that football brings out in a boy is his spirit and character. It takes a lot of spirit to win, but it takes even more to continue to play even in the face of defeat.

Win or lose, football is one of the greatest sports in the world. Victory is sweet, but many times the experience gained by defeat is everlasting.



Mister Cornwallis

Lindsay Russell, '45

My dog is most unusual. His name is Mr. Cornwallis; his principal objective in life, to an ordinary observer, is merely chasing birds and killing them to get the meat. It is my own personal observation, however, that he has the instincts of a bird; but being unable to fly and accomplish other things that birds do, takes out his revenge on fate by preying upon them. Naturally the birds have a hairline advantage over him in being capable of flight, but it is evident that every new bird he sees he views with his characteristic disbelief in its ability to fly. Besides, Mr. C. can almost fly himself, having seen many "jeeps" go by and being of a scientific turn anyhow; so that it is not surprising for me to see him almost speed through the air above the frightened birds. Once he catches one, he cleanly picks the feathers off and eats the dark meat only. Some day I should not be surprised to see him climbing trees and walking out on limbs to catch the birds.



THEY SAY

The election of class officers has been completed and the results are as follows:

1943 — Pres., John Barr; Vice-Pres., Virginia Wilkinson; Secy., Robert Heath; Treas., Vincent Flanagan.

1944 — Pres., Richard Greene; Vice-Pres., Nancy Rice; Secy., Patricia Lonsbrough; Treas., Stanley Newcomb.

1945 — Pres., Sandy Smith; Vice-Pres., Martha Worth; Secy., Joe Allard; Treas., Donald Richwagen.

* * *

We imagine most of the girls at those recent Hen Parties had enough to cackle about.

* * *

The Senior High School this year was entertained at the first assembly with a selection of songs by Mr. Pollard and his son Ed, accompanied by Mrs. Pollard at the piano. At this assembly we also heard the two popular songs, "Army Air Corps" and "The Marine Hymn", played by the band under the direction of Mr. Fisher.

* * *

We appreciate the good work of the girls who sew for the Red Cross.

* * *

They say there is a gas and tire shortage; but when one looks out of a school window and sees many little snappy buggies beautifully camouflaged with bright colors and such names as "Baby", "Joe", and others, one wonders if this is true.

People are pleased to have Tom and June take care of their children because they entertain the kids who peek around the corner.

* * *

The various clubs are functioning this year. The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs are on their way to another successful year. The Library Club is subscribing to "Flying" and "Time" magazines in order to give the pupils a wider range of up-to-date happenings. The newly formed Handicraft Club has proven successful, and many worth-while things are being made. The Leaders' Club is also organized and aims to be helpful in our war effort.

* * *

Ginny, why don't you stay at home once in a while? You'll be sorry when Don stops calling.

* * *

The band had its annual movie night on November 25. The attractions were "Remember Pearl Harbor" and "Mexican Spitfire's Baby". The band played a few songs and the cheerleaders were present to lead in a few cheers. Proceeds went to the band to buy new equipment.

* * *

Since hand-knit sweaters are preferred these days, different Senior and Junior groups plan to meet at least one afternoon a week in order to knit.

* * *

The Sophomore who speaks to Freddy every morning has quite a crush on him.

October 5 — At this assembly, Miss Dorothy Schuerch, the nutritionist for the towns of Needham and Wellesley, told of the advantages of good foods in our menus.

* * *

Even if Mr. Frost doesn't get his Vitamins through meat, you can be sure he gets them elsewhere.

* * *

The Physical Education Departments have taken on a new program in line with National Defense. It includes various exercises and the study of the correct food and rest each pupil should have.

* * *

Many people can't distinguish between the scrap pile and those new cars of three Junior boys. What are you trying to do, camouflage yours, "Oakie"?

* * *

The Sophomores are either stubborn or ignorant of the fact that they are to stand when the upper classmen leave the assembly.

* * *

On October 11, we listened to a brief appeal by the town librarian, Miss Leona Huber, about the destroying of books at our library. Chief Welch also spoke about this matter. Later we enjoyed the letter of George Trumbour, a former member of this school, written to Miss Churchill and read by Mr. Pollard. It advised that we study hard and get the most out of our subjects. Can this be our "Mosquito"?

This year we thought it would be interesting to take a poll about our armed forces. The girls were asked what part of the service they would like to join and what part of the men's service they liked best. The boys were asked the corresponding questions. The results among the three classes are as follows:

SENIORS

GIRLS' CHOICE

WAVES	26
WAFS	8
WAACS	5
Nurse	2
Naval Air Corps	10
Army Air Corps	8
Marines	7
Navy	6
Army	2
Merchant Marine	1
Coast Guard	1

BOYS' CHOICE

Marines	12
Army Air Corps	7
Naval Air Corps	6
Navy	6
Army	5
Merchant Marine	1
Coast Guard	1
WAVES	12
WAACS	14
WAFS	3
Nurse	0

JUNIORS

GIRLS' CHOICE

WAVES	22
WAFS	21
WAACS	12
Nurse	3
Army Air Corps	15
Navy	11
Marines	10
Naval Air Corps	7
Army	2
Merchant Marine	2
Coast Guard	0

BOYS' CHOICE

Army Air Corps	18
Navy	13
Marines	12
Naval Air Corps	11
Coast Guard	7
Army	3
Merchant Marine	1
WAVES	29

WAACS	12
WAFS	7
Nurse	1

SOPHOMORES

GIRLS' CHOICE

WAVES	27
WAFS	18
WAACS	10
Nurse	3
Marines	18
Naval Air Corps	13
Navy	13
Army Air Corps	10
Army	2
Merchant Marine	2
Coast Guard	1

BOYS' CHOICE

Army Air Corps	20
Navy	19
Marines	14
Naval Air Corps	11
Army	6
Coast Guard	3
WAVES	26
WAACS	25
WAFS	13
Nurse	2

* * *

We bet the girls in school couldn't attract so many boys from the armed forces as Miss Churchill does.

* * *

The S. A. A. membership was about normal this year with practically seventy-five per cent of the school enrolled as members. This organization helps to finance our athletics and gives us many other benefits.

* * *

Too bad you haven't a sixth finger, Barbara, large enough to fit that newly-received ring.

* * *

Since the announcement of the eighteen and nineteen year-old draft, the attitude of many boys has been far from good. Apparently these boys don't realize that the armed services want men educated to the greatest extent.

What will the Sophomores think of next? The Seniors would never consider walking through the graveyard on a dark, romantic night as and did!

* * *

On October 26, at our Navy Day program, we enjoyed the brief outline of training and discipline of the WAVES by Ensign Baxter. Also Mr. Shea, chairman of the Naval Reserve of Needham, spoke to us, telling us of the Navy's tremendous participation in this war.

* * *

Those queer looking things walking through Needham Square last October were only Senior girls being initiated into a sorority.

* * *

The annual S. A. A. Dance was held with usual success. The couples danced amid appropriate decorations to the music of the Modernairs. Due credit goes to the following committee chairmen:

Decorations — Jean Haller
Orchestra — Richard Thompson
Refreshments — George Hill

* * *

We're sorry Rodger is so far away, Patty. He won't be able to fly to see you every other Sunday, now.

* * *

November 9 — We enjoyed at this assembly, the opportunity of singing the songs of our various armed forces. Music was provided by the band, and booklets containing the words were passed out to the pupils and teachers.

* * *

We hate to get personal, but several students are supposed to own "Zoot Suits", and we wish they'd wear them so we may see the real thing.

* * *

You can't say the Needham girls aren't doing their bit in the present crisis. Most of them stay at home on Sundays baking cookies; don't you "Ducky"?

OUR NEW STUDENTS

NAME	SCHOOL LAST ATTENDED	CLASS
Dilla Adams	Wilmington (Mass.) High	1945
Jean Arey	Beebe Jr. High, Malden, Mass.	1945
Catherine Bissett	Medway (Mass.) High	1945
Edith Christensen	West Roxbury (Mass.) Girls School.....	1944
Marie Cloran	Cambridge (Mass.) High	1945
Martha Holt	Robert Gould Shaw, West Roxbury, Mass.	1945
Jean Manchester	Granston High, Providence, R. I.	1944
Rita Nichols	Lancaster (Mass.) High	1945
John Powers	Sudbury (Mass.) High	1945
Nancy Richmond	Beaver Country Day	1945
Marilyn Ricker	George Washington Jr. High, New Jersey.....	1945
Allan Simons	Walpole (Mass.) High	1944
Patricia Tonis	Hampton (New Hampshire) High	1944
Frank Vellali	West Haven (Conn.) High	1945

We are glad to see so many former students return wearing the uniform of our various armed forces. To them we wish the best of luck.

* * *

November 16 — We enjoyed the first home room program of the year at this assembly. It was presented by Room 301. We listened to the Boys' Trio and also songs by Mr. Pollard. In addition, Mrs. Beale presented a few selections.

At the time we go to press these are all the assemblies we have had.

* * *

It seems that the boys were more interested in Miss Baxter of the WAVES and her reports of the activities of this organization than the girls were.

* * *

Did Herring's face turn red when the girls walked through the Gym while the boys were getting (and trying on) their new football suits! The next time, the girls will knock before they enter.

* * *

Because of the generous contribution of the students, the school not only reached its 100% goal in Junior Red Cross, but went over it twice.

* * *

According to the teachers, marks appear to be heading for a new low. Come on, students; if records must be broken aim for the other end of the scale.

It seems a Junior girl is ignorant of the fact that a certain Junior boy is going steady with an eighth-grader.

* * *

Vinnie was quite a man about town at Gilroy's party. An unconfirmed report placed the number at six.

* * *

Practical jokers are at large in Needham High School, so watch out for tacks, and lock your cars. Dana Brown neglected to do the latter one afternoon, and therefore found his car missing. (We're not saying whether it had a lock or not.) On this particular afternoon, Dana went tripping off to football practice, confidently assuming that his automobile would be awaiting his return. However, this was not the case. Thoughts of theft immediately filled his mind; he rushed to the telephone and notified the police. Since he could do nothing else, he trudged dejectedly homeward. Oh, joy, oh, bliss, oh sight for sore eyes; there in the front yard was his beloved jalopy. Later, Dana learned how it had got there. A group of friends had seen the car in the parking space, and had succumbed to temptation. They released the brake, rolled it down the hill, and were about to leave it by the side of the road when a kind gentleman, desiring to help them, pushed them in his automobile down to Dana's house.

The dark-haired Sophomore who acts as if she owns the building will wake up some day.

* * *

After eyeing each Sophomore coming into Assembly Hall, a certain Junior girl sighs with contentment, when she finds that blond, good-looking Sophomore boy.

* * *

The Castle is quite an interesting place to visit after spending an evening at the Totem Pole, and that is quite an appropriate time for the boys to tell weird tales about it.

* * *

That certain Senior boy still dates out-of-town girls, but no one cares now.

* * *

What did the policeman mean when he asked Dodd, "What! Do you want the Solomon Islands with one punch?"

* * *

The cheerleader wearing an "E" on the front of his sweater thinks the girl standing next to him is pretty nice. Good luck, Bob; we think so, too.

* * *

The Library Club announces that "fine" pennies collected last year have bought two new books: "So You're Going to Fly," by Peck, and "Boys' Second Book of Great Detective Stories", edited by Haycraft. How about paying the pennies *you* owe?



"BOB" DANDROW
HESITATION
"PEP"

FIGHT, TEAM, FIGHT!
OVER THE TOP
IN REPOSE



SPORTS

STOUGHTON 7 NEEDHAM 0

An outweighed Stoughton team took advantage of an early Needham fumble to score its lone touchdown. Although Needham outplayed their opponents in the second half, they were unable to score. The game ended with the ball in Needham's possession on the Stoughton two-yard line.

NORWOOD 19 NEEDHAM 7

A powerful Norwood aggregation capitalized on a first period fumble and an intercepted pass to defeat the Blue and White. Norwood made its final tally with a long drive, but an inspired Needham team returned the subsequent kickoff with an eighty-yard march and a touchdown.

DEDHAM 7 NEEDHAM 0

A strong Dedham eleven took an early lead on Needham, but did not threaten again during the game. Needham penetrated to their opponent's three-yard line, but lacked a scoring punch.

MILTON 7 NEEDHAM 0

In spite of sustained drives into enemy territory, Needham failed to score at Milton because of numerous and costly penalties. Milton tallied in the latter part of the game and managed to stave off a last minute comeback by the Blue and White.

BRAINTREE 9 NEEDHAM 0

In the second period of this heart-breaker Needham drove 75 yards, only to fumble over the enemy goal line. Another fumble gave Brain-

tree a safety and the spark to block a Needham punt and score a touchdown to defeat the disheartened Needham team 9-0.

NATICK 32 NEEDHAM 21

Unbeaten Natick piled up nineteen points in an explosive second period of one of the season's most thrilling games. Needham retaliated in the first period with a touchdown by Heath; and in the closing periods, by Newcomb and Martin. Natick's other two scores came by a first period pass and a third period drive.

WALPOLE 27 NEEDHAM 0

Needham played its poorest game of the season against a strong Walpole eleven. Through a combination of skillful pass plays and powerful line plays, undefeated Walpole scored once in each period and converted after the last touchdown.

LEXINGTON 20 NEEDHAM 7

After a scoreless first period the Lexington boys made a touchdown in each of the three remaining periods after sustained drives. The Blue and White fought to the last and scored in the closing minutes of the game.

WELLESLEY 13 NEEDHAM 7

Wellesley was forced to take to the air to defeat Needham in the annual Thanksgiving Day rivalry. The two teams played equally well until late in the second period when Captain Murray of Wellesley scored on a pass play which fooled the Needham backs.

Needham retaliated after the second half kickoff with an 85-yard

march, which was terminated by Bob Heath's touchdown. The home team then took the lead by scoring the extra point with a spectacular double lateral play. But the favored visitors were not to be denied. Although stopped dead by the fighting Needham line, they were again able to take the lead with a Nelson-to-Murray pass, which resulted in another touchdown. The same combination accounted for the extra point. The Red and Black threatened a third time near the close of the game, but their attempts to score were nullified by penalties.

FIRST TEAM LETTERS

Barr, J., Co-captain
Yaniak, Z.
Davidian, J.
Hill, G.
Newcomb, S.
Yaniak, J.
Dandrow, R.
Richwagen, D.
Tamm, R.
Powell, D.
Greene, R.
Powers, R.
Martin, K.
Powderly, D.
Smith, S.
Heath, R., Co-captain
Leighton, R.
Macomber, R.
Vara, E.
Brown, D.
MacPherson, D.
Fisher, W.
Tocci, W.



IN ACTION
POOR WELLESLEY?
HERE'S HOW WE DO IT!

THE "BRAINS"
MEET THE TEAM
SIGNALS —

GIRLS' SPORTS

WE DID IT AGAIN!

The girls' hockey squad started their season off with a victory over our famous rivals, Wellesley. Unlike the football team, they succeeded in bringing home a victory for their first game. Because of transportation difficulties, some of the girls had to go by the local bus, while others went in private cars. They all arrived safely and were in the best of condition for the game.

Needham played a fast-moving game and was rewarded with a 1-0 victory. The second team is not to be forgotten either. They fought hard for their victory of 2-1. Not only does the first team bring home a win, but the second team as well.

The goals were made by P. Brooks and L. Breda. (Second Team) Ann Stevenson made the winning goal for the first team. Nice going, girls!

* * *

CHAMPS?

At one time the Walpole team was considered one of the best in the state. Where does that put Needham?

Last year Needham defeated Walpole for the first time in quite a while. Again this year Needham players showed their skill in keeping that hard hitting team, Walpole, to a tie. The girls played a hard game; and although the second team lost, they played as well as their victors.

The final scores were Needham 1, Walpole 1, First Team; Walpole 2, Needham 0, Second Team. The goal for the first team was made by Mary Walsh. Who says we don't rate with the best of the teams!

* * *

WERE STILL LUCKY!

Although Needham didn't have a chance to score, Watertown didn't have a chance either! The second team was not fortunate enough to

tie their victors, but they did play a game that is due credit. The first managed to hold their opponents to a 0-0 score. The second team was not so fortunate and lost 2-0. Cheer up, second team! You still play a good game!

* * *

IT CAN'T BE DONE

As Needham ends the season with a return game with that rival team Wellesley, they still remain undefeated. (First Team) Although the outside teams have tried to win, Needham has managed to hold her own. Of course, not all the games were actually won, but they were not lost either.

The first team tied 0-0. The second team tied 1-1. The goal made by Barbara Wells ended the season for the second team in a well-earned victory. We knew you could do it!

* * *

HOCKEY HORSEPLAY

We hear there is a new game called, "Hockey on Your Knees." What about it, girls? Is it really true?

* * *

We can't understand why some of the girls wait until they come in from hockey games to wash their laundry. A shortage of water and soap at home, girls? Maybe it just saves time to do it that way. Who knows?

* * *

Did you know that the dashing, daring, left-fullback is our Hockey Captain? She is none other than Betty (Ruin) Ruane, the sister of the famous Alumna, Mary (Rummy) Ruane, last year's right wing. It seems it runs in the family.

* * *

We even have spectators at our games. I think we had, at the most, two at our Wellesley game, and ONE SPECTATOR at our Water-

town game! An increase over last year.

* * *

My, what strong girls we have in this school! Please, girls, practice somewhere else besides on the boys' lockers. We have a fine gym if you need a workout. We might even persuade the school to provide you with suitable equipment.

* * *

Where has our little black puppy gone to? Maybe he is patriotic and is conserving material this year by letting us keep our hockey balls. Thanks!

* * *

We thought oranges were scarce! We still think so! The minute we bring on a tray they disappear so fast that you would almost think them a dream instead of a reality.

* * *

Our managers Dotty Waugh and Hope Hersey have done a good job. We don't know what we would have done without them. Thanks!

* * *

We all think Miss Carroll did a grand job for us this year! Even though we were presented with transportation difficulties, we managed to have some good games.

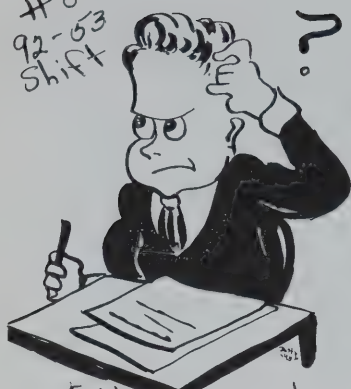
OMNES OMNIBUS

* * *

FIRST TEAM LETTERS

Breda, L.
Brooks, P.
Gerstner, B.
Hale, D.
Haller, J.
Harris, D.
Hersey, H. (Co. Mgr.)
Parker, T.
Prior, E.
Rice, N.
Ruane, B. (Capt.)
Smith, E.
Stanwood, P.
Tomaino, E.
Waugh, D., (Co. Mgr.)
Wells, B.

#20-
92-53
Shift



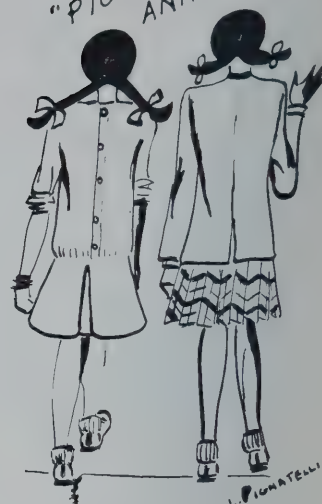
Football Player who
Took Chemistry



(ANY SIMIL-
ARITY TO
ANY CHEER-
LEADER IS
PURELY
COINCIDENTAL)

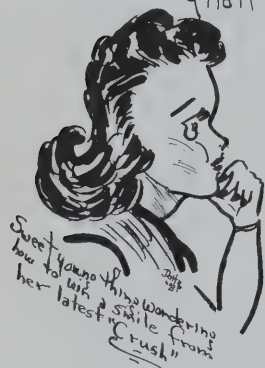
YOKA-
HULA

"PIGTAIL
ANNIES"

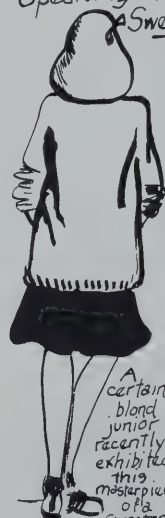


L. PIGNATELLI

In Study Hall



Speaking of
Sweaters



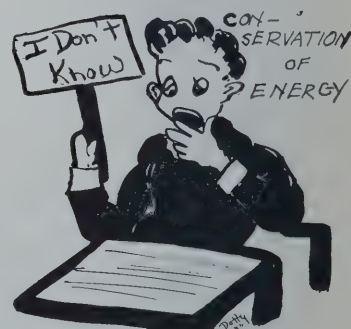
A certain
blond
junior
recently
exhibited
this
masterpiece
of a
sweater
(around size
50)



FIRE DRILL?
AIR RAID?
PERIOD BELL?



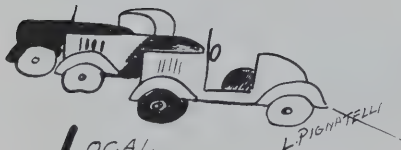
The Cute little Sophomore
who looks AS IF He Belongs
in Kindergarten.



CON-
SERVATION
OF
ENERGY

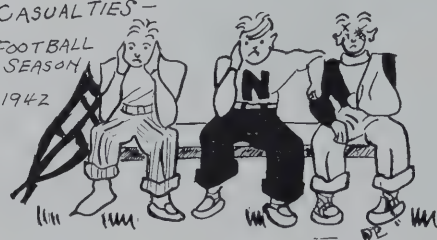


OHOOO MR POLLARD
THERE'S A GIRL'S
PETTICOAT IN MY
LOCKER —



LOCAL
JUNK PILE
(N.H.S PARKING SPACE)

CASUALTIES —
FOOTBALL
SEASON
1942



OUR
FEMALE
LUMBER-
JACKS



HUMOR?

ODE TO A JELLYFISH

O little, gooey Jellyfish
I stepped on you and heard you
squish.
And just to show you who was boss,
I stepped again and heard you
squash.

I'd like to be you, O Jellyfish.
It must be so much fun to squish.
You squash and squirm and move
around
Like an amoeba on the ground.

I'd rather be you than a chocolate
cake,
Or a lifeguard at Veronica Lake.
I'd rather be you than Walter
Disney.
Surely HE'S successful, isn't he?
Oh, you don't know the tripple-dip,
Or others I could name.
Like the sidestroke or the Hooligan
flip.
But you get there just the same.

Oh you don't have a skeleton.
I can see right through your hide.
For you are just a bag of skin
With nothing much inside.

But I'd like to be you, O Jellyfish,
And that's not a lot of Hooey.
It's partly because you squirm and
squish,
But mostly because YOU'RE
GOOEY.

Dwight Church, '43 (maybe)

* * *

Mr. Benton reading notices:
"There will be a short girls' basket-
ball practice at 2:15 today. (What's
the matter with tall girls?)

PLASQUE

A PLASQUE is merely a word
invented by us to help sell more
Advocates.

* * *

DAFFYNITIONS

Socialist—A guy who goes to all
the parties.

Women—Human "gimmie" pigs.
Dear Editor:

What is a pelican?

Bewildered Sophomore.

Dear Ignor Rant:

"It's a duck with a droop snoot.

— Editor.

(Courtesy of "The Student Prints,"
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.)

* * *

Conservation in the typing room—
First Moron — How's your short-
hand?

Second Moron — It's growing,
thanks.

* * *

We had to stop drinking coffee in
the morning because it kept us
awake in school all day.

* * *

DILEMMA IN THE LUNCHROOM

The lunchroom is a busy place
Of course I mean at noon,
If you want to eat in peace
Why, man, there just ain't room!

* * *

PUZZLED SOPHOMORE'S FIRST ESSAY

..... The remaining part of the
first day was spent in being late to
all my classes, dashing up and down
the wrong stairways, (I'm still do-
ing that) and being bewildered by
Miss Churchill.

CONFESSION

I have no gift for writing, and so
The Humor Board must suffer.
When e'er I try to write a joke,
I almost always muff "er". (see)

* * *

If a grand piano is made of ma-
hogany, is a baby grand piano made
of mapigamy?

* * *

THE MAN ON THE STREET-CAR

In the street-car opposite me sat
the oddest man I have ever seen.
Every time the car stopped he waved
to the people that got off. If no one
got off, he waved just the same. He
had a pipe with tobacco in it, and
he made the motions of smoking the
pipe, taking it out of his mouth oc-
casionally and blowing out smoke,
but the pipe wasn't lit. Some of the
time he was reading a Czechoslo-
vakian dictionary up side down. If
he saw anyone come down the aisle
to get off, he stuck out his foot to
trip him. There were no lenses in
his tortoise shell glasses, but he blew
on the imaginary lenses and polished
them with his green and orange silk
handkerchief. Sometime before the
last stop he put away his dictionary,
glasses, and pipe and pointed to
something on the floor by my feet. I
looked, but I didn't see anything.
Then he said, "Look out! It may
burn you. It's very sharp, you
know." When he got off at the end
of the line, he mumbled, "You think
I'm nutty, don't you? Well, in two
more days I'll be a member of Alpha
Gamma Kappa."

Robert Laird, '45.

A BALLAD OF A BIKE

"My bike, she knocks, it should not be!"

Said Johnny one fine day.

"She also rattles, clanks, and bangs;
She's not much good, I'd say!"

He thought he'd turn her in as scrap,
A patriotic thing;

But first he'd try the old junk man
To see what she would bring.

His father had a better thought;
"I'll tell you what," said he,
"We'll take the old gal all apart,
And then — well, we shall see!"

When Johnny had the bike apart
He polished every bit.
He shined it all so vigorously
He almost had to quit.

And when he'd cleaned off all the
grease

And rust and dirt and paint,
He tried to put her back again,
To find which way she went.

He found that taking her apart
Was easier to do
But when finally he succeeded,
She stood—as good as new!

He tried her out immediately
To see if she would run.
She did! Oh, joy! and there's the
hill!
He started down for fun.

He picked up speed as he went
down;
Went faster,—faster, yet!
Just then an awful thought oc-
curred —
"The brakes I did forget!"

A tree was coming straight at him,
He swerved and it whizzed past;
He hit a rock, went flying up,
Up, up, — then down at last!

Now John had been a normal boy,
His parent's dearest pride,
He's now a smear upon the road;
"Poor John!" his mother cried!

The moral — if you wish to stay
Alive, — for goodness' sakes —
When you repair your trusty bike
Never forget the brakes!

Priscilla Brooks, '43.

* * *

Jive is commonly known as the
Call of the Wild. . . . Only the
wild answer.

* * *

SCAVENGERS IN THE LAND OF PLENTY (NEEDHAM)

When asked where they had
come from, the largest of the three
rallowe'en devils casually replied,
"Oh, I come from Wellesley, and
he comes from Newton, and I don't
know where he comes from."

* * *

Bthgj lmsd s nbres pht. Rokgx
Bqwnzd—Gyur sid strappo?

(Manuscript written in a black-
out.)

* * *

Biology Teacher — Now class,
can anybody explain the term bac-
teria?

Sophomore — The back entrance
to a cafeteria.

* * *

Our teachers really shouldn't
blame us for getting on their nerves;
after all, it isn't our fault if they
leave them lying around.

* * *

THE RADIO BARNICLE

It goes all night long,
Through my History and Law.
'Till over the noise, comes
A shout from my Paw.

"Shut that thing off,
Get your studying done."
Paw's word is law, so
It's the end of my fun.

"But Paw," I reply,
"It's really a hit."
"Turn it off," comes his yell.
Guess what? "I dood it."
Doris Packard, '42.

* * *

He certainly was a pathetic case
and teacher couldn't help asking,
"Are you really as dumb as you
look, or do I need glasses?"

If you were in the middle of the
ocean in a canoe and the hind
wheels fell off, why is a mice?

Ans.: Because Ice-Cream has no
bones.

(We think so, too.)

* * *

When Miss Harrington asked
why l'escalier (stairway) was mas-
culine, Dan McAuliffe replied in an
undertone, "Because they get walked
on, like men."

* * *

N.H.S. SONG SHEET

It's a Lot of Idle Gossip

Margaret MacGeary

Don't Forget To Say NO Baby

Mary Jane Keating

Take a Number From One to Ten,
Double It and Add a Million

Miss Fessenden

Sleepy Lagoon.....Study Hall

Come Up and See Me Sometime

NIMS to Nuttso

Slow Freight.....Don Brooks

You Are My Sunshine

Barbara Riley

Variety Is the Spice of Life

Pat Stanwood

Street of Dreams

Third Floor Corridor

Wise Old Owl.....Mr. Pollard

The Breeze and I.....Larry Reeves

I've Got My Eyes on You

Miss Currie

Satan Takes a Holiday

(we won't squeal)

Faithful Forever (?)

Donald Townsend

OOOooohhhhhhhh What You Said

"Herrin"

AngelEstelle Gray

The Camera Doesn't Lie

Patty Osgood

Junk Ain't Junk No More

Miss Dugan

Traffic Jam.....Lunchroom

Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day

Mr. Frost

The Advocate Humor Board will
not be responsible for any ill feel-
ing resulting from the above list be-
cause any similarity to persons, liv-
ing, dead, or otherwise is purely in-
tentional.



ALUMNI

At this time our alumni news should have special interest to us. So many of the fellows are in Uncle Sam's forces, and others are working long hours in defense plants. Cupid, too, has been doing a big business, and of course we are always interested in marriage and engagement news. Others of our alumni are in college, preparing to be of service to their country. Many of them are already in some reserve armed force. All are studying to help rebuild the world after this present struggle is over. Knowing these young people, we feel sure all will be successful in their various endeavors.

* * *

WITH THE ARMED FORCES

Harold Burr, '42, has joined the Navy. Waldo Kingston, '40, is now an Ensign in the U.S.N.R. Training School in Mississippi. "Pete" Holland, '41, is stationed in California where he is in the Ordnance Motor Transport School. Aviation cadet Arnold Silsby, '40, is training at the Navy Pre-flight School in North Carolina. Norman Biggart, '41, is in the service. John MacPherson, class of '40, is training at Newport, R. I., to be a torpedo man. Larry Gay, apprentice seaman, is stationed at Jacksonville, Florida. Richard Corliss, '42, is in the Coast Guard. "Mike" Riley and "Al" Ringer, '41, are in the Army Air Corps. Bill Flanagan, '41, is a corporal, and may soon be a sergeant in the Army Air Corps. Gordon Gilroy is stationed at the Norfolk, Va., Naval Hospital. "Mel" Grant is in the U. S. Marines. Gordon Hulse, '41, is in the Army Air Corps. Also in

the Army Air Corps is Frank Rohmer. Bill Robinson, former N. H. S. hockey and football star, is with the U. S. Coast Guard. Franklin Welch is in the Army Air Corps. Eddie Kinter, '42, is training at the Army Glider School in Wisconsin. Jimmy D. Maloney, '42, and Bob Coulter, '42, and Dave Johnson have joined the Navy. Kenny Goddard, '42, is in the Army Air Corps.

Needham graduates have the next to best medical record and the smallest number of rejections by the Army out of one hundred draft boards.

* * *

LETTERS FROM BOYS IN THE SERVICE

This was taken from a letter written by Gordon Hulse several months ago from Decatur, Alabama.

"I now have 48 hours in the air, and I should be getting my sixty-hour check soon. As I said in my last letter, we are now doing acrobatics, but I don't believe I have described in detail a slow roll. Well, you dive the plane till it does about 120 M.P.H. Then you level off and push the stick way over in the side and kick the opposite rudder. The machine immediately starts to roll over like a well trained dog, but once it gets on its back, the fun begins. First, I find that the safety belt isn't tight enough; so I am just dangling from the plane with about a foot of air between me and the seat. Secondly, I find that all the dirt on the floor, obeying Newton's law, falls in my face; also gasoline, obeying the same law, drains out of the carburetor, stopping the engine. Now that I am on my back, I have to worry

about manipulating the controls to right myself. My instructor aids my memory in the proper use of the controls, by applying various adjectives to the required control, such as 'For kick that rudder.' Immediately I kick the wrong rudder (there are two rudder pedals), sending the plane into some gruesome gyrations. But after several times, I manage to do a slow roll correctly and my instructor compliments me with a 'well, for, it's about time.' I practice them *a lot* solo, so that I can please my instructor the next time he rides with me."

* * *

From a Letter by P.F.C. Charles Perry, Reserve Officer's Class, Va.

"——— It doesn't seem possible that three—yes three whole—years have lapsed since I was in your English class. I realize now, as all of us usually do after we are out of school, that the happiest days of my life were spent in Needham High School.

"Conditions today, however, have changed since I went to school, and now a more serious attitude should be taken by all the students. These are 'crucial times', and until each individual person—boy or girl, man or woman—knows exactly how important this struggle is, why their whole future will be a dismal one. We can all do something to help out. Each of us has a certain obligation to perform, yours in the Needham High School being to be good students, to be patriotic Americans, and above all, to be loyal to what this country stands for. Per-

haps you think me rather young to be talking like an aged professor, but I am only saying what I understand and think to be right. Victory won't be a difficult task, if we all work together. — — ”

* * *

From a Letter by Pvt. Charlie Salvaggio, U. S. Marine Corps, North Carolina.

“My dear Miss Churchill:

“It has been a long time since I've seen you to really talk to you. The past few days I've awakened, thinking of either you or some other teacher that will always be in my memory; so I thought that maybe it would do me some good to write to you and therefore get it off my chest, whatever it is that keeps bothering me.

“As you probably know, I've joined the Marine Corps, to be or not to be in style with the rest of my school chums who are now my buddies, fighting for one cause, spread out in all branches of the armed service.

“In my travels from good 'old Boston' to Jacksonville, Florida, and back to North Carolina, I've found that the South isn't what it's cracked up to be. I guess there is no place like home especially when you're away from it.

“A few months ago I was surprised to find that I had been transferred from line duty to aviation. Of course I don't do any piloting of planes but I do get up in them once in a while. — — — I could go on and on, writing about my experiences in the Marines, but they would be petty ones compared to some my buddies will be able to tell when they come back from the Solomons.

“I'm proud to be a part of the Marine Corps even if my duties don't take me to the front lines, right now. I know that I am doing my part like millions of others, by at least being in the service of Uncle Sam. — — — ”

* * *

From a letter written by Pvt. George Trumbour, Jr., U. S. Army Air Forces, Lowry Field, Colorado.

“ . . . At present I am going to school here at Lowry Field, learning the workings of the secret bomb-sight and automatic flight control.

“Due to a slight scar on my ear drum, I cannot fly as a combat pilot, but I will do my part keeping the planes in shape for others to fly. When I finish my schooling, I will become an instructor in the Air Force Technical Schools. Before long I will either go to the Spirry Co. in New York, or a special school here for instructors.

“I really enjoy this army life. They treat us very well, the best of food, housing and care. I have been in since July fifth and as yet have no reason to complain, except that I am away from home. . . . ”

* * *

From a Letter from Cpl. “Pete” Holland, Stockton, California.

“ . . . I had some luck this week and then again I didn't. I've been promoted to corporal but I lost my pal and buddy. They shipped him out and there wasn't a better pal in all the world. We've bunked together since I joined the army in June; through Fort Devens, Fort Warren in Wya., and here. Well, that's how it goes. I'd just as soon have given up my stripes to have him stay.

“It's funny how this world goes; the care free, like me get all the breaks and a swell fellow like him gets shipped, probably not to see his home or wife for a long time. Well, it serves me right for trying to be a good soldier. . . . ”

* * *

COLLEGE NEWS

Craig Moodie, Jr., Ed Pollard and Scott Shepherd have been pledged to Delta Upsilon Fraternity at Brown. Craig Moodie and Jimmy Pierce were two of the thirty-four Brown freshmen accepted as cadets in a Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Brown. Beverly Parker and Shirley Newcomer are at the University of New Hampshire. Robert Rush, Rainer Laub, Carlton Goss, Bob Grieve, Myron Howe, Bill Diedering, Tom Flynn and Tom

Fina have entered Northeastern. Dave Thompson is on the varsity football team at Middlebury. Dave was also elected treasurer of his class. “Beth” Gates is going to Pine Manor in Wellesley. Jane and Ruthie Butcher are at Westbrook. Arthur Connors is attending Notre Dame. Betty Gartner, '41, has started her sophomore year at Middlebury. Fran Hersey is at Bowdoin. “Mouse” Ives has gone to Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington, D. C. Doris Marie Clarenbach and Blanche Worth, '41, are doing well in their second year at Colby, Jr. Nancy Kinne is at Bowling Green, Martha McLaughlin has gone to Edgewood Park Junior College. Bud Maloney is on the football team at B. U., while Bill McAuliffe is in the R. O. T. C. at B. U. Ed Maley and George Riley are at B. C. Joyce Nims is at Green Mountain College in Vermont. Jean McNamara has moved to Newton and now goes to Simmons. Joan Potter is at the University of Maine, Janie Russell is attending the Bridgewater State Teachers' College. Dottie Shea is at Regis. Paula Reece is at Stoneleigh Jr. College. Dick Silva goes to B. U. Gordon Scott is at Norwich University. We find June Payson way down in Virginia at Blackstone Jr. College. Jack Ives is at Colby. Also at Colby are Manson Carter and Bob Cook. Lonnie Heuer has been appointed to the staff of the Endicott Jr. College paper. Barbie Stark is at Bowling Green in Ohio. Louise Boyer is at Smith. Hardy Kingsley, '41, has come back home and now goes to B. U., where he is in the R. O. T. C. Donnie Johnston is at Duke. Sherman Heard and Dana Jost are at Mass. State. Doris Dresher is at Simmons. Bill Furniss is another of last year's graduates now at B. U.

Barbara Perlin and Shirley Connelly are at the Fisher Business School in Boston. Marge Hunter is at Chandler. “Skinny” Innes and “Jo” Breda are at “Katie” Gibbs in Boston. “Art” Godfrey, Jr., and Margie Luty are attending Mass.

Mary Ruane and Elizabeth Newton are in training at the Newton Hospital. "Scoop" Jensenius is training at the Mass. General Hospital.

Dick Carmen, '41, upon finishing his training a short time ago, began work at Lockheed. Don Hay is working at the Fore River Shipyard. Alice Johnson is working at the Holtzer Cabot Company in Roxbury. Irma Parker is in the office of the MacGregor Instrument Co. Evelyn Powell is also at the MacGregor Instrument Co. Robert Richal is in the Hingham Shipyard. Paul Richwagen is now working at the Q. P. Signal Company in Needham Heights, but he is waiting for a call to the Marines. Richard Roper is working at the Raytheon Manufacturing Co. in Waltham. He plans to enlist in the Naval Air Force soon. Esther Maier is at the MacGregor Instrument Company.

Janice McKean is working at the American Mutual. Joe Pigaga is in the office of the Pepperell Mfg. Co. in Boston. "Rolly" Praetsch is working at Kinsman's. Walter Roman is working at Tamworth Company in Needham Heights. Louis Romasciewicz is working at Walker Gordon's while waiting a call to the Marine Corps. Jean Gundstrum is employed at Carters. "Red" Hasenfus, Alice Lawlor, and George Johnson are at the First National Store in Needham. Gina Hazard is working at Babson Institute. Peggy Eadie is working at Eadie's. George Horsford is working in Needham also. Jeanne Cook, Jean Hersey, Gertie Hess, and Mildred Morse have positions at the John Hancock. Margie Seaver has a position at the First National Bank in Needham. Martha McNeilly is working in a bank in Newton. We all see Betty Appleby, as she is

Dell Gates, '39, married John G. Carlson in July. Betty Lou Phillips, '41, is engaged to Robert Williams of Newton. Barbara Burrows, '42,



Each year we anxiously await the coming of our exchange magazines, for we are certain that they will be of great value as well as interest to us. It is with pleasure that we have read the following publications:

Blue and Gold.....Montoursville, Pa.
Red and Black.....Newport, R. I.
W.H.S. Hill Quill.....Walpole, Mass.
Argus.....Gardner, Mass.
Monson Spirit.....Monson, Mass.
Lawrencian.....Falmouth, Mass.
Blue OwlAttleboro, Mass.
Student's Pen.....Pittsfield, Mass.
OracleRensselaer, N. Y.
The Meteor.....Berlin, N. H.
The Pearl High Voice
 Nashville, Tenn.
The Radiator.....Somerville, Mass.
ItemDorchester, Mass.
Crimson and Gray
 Southbridge, Mass.
WampatuckBraintree, Mass.
The Chronicle.....Arlington, Mass.

is engaged to Charlie Taylor of Needham. Marcia Cleaves, '39, recently married James Bugley. Polly Shurtliff, '40, married P.F.C. Melvin McNutt. Jane Bennett, '41, is engaged to Bill Rugg, '39. Lorraine Stanwood, '42, married right after graduation in June and now lives in Virginia. To all these and others not mentioned go our best wishes for success and happiness.

This is an outstanding magazine full of literary contributions, of which "The Spirit of L. H. S." is remarkable. Adding interest are the many sketches illustrating the stories and articles. "The Listening Post" gives humor and some very worthwhile slogans.

A patriotic theme in red, white, and blue carried throughout the magazine makes the February edition of "The Oracle" outstanding. Editorials, poems, and original stories comprise the first half of the magazine; while the last half covers news of school activities, school organization, school sports, and the school pupils themselves.

Blue and Gold:

"People" in the spring issue, a short article on the modern, rushing world is well done. "Short Short Stories" is a unique way of story telling. The art department contributes several fine illustrations, and adding interest are a great many snapshots.

The Chronicle:

"The Chronicle" is a combination of newspaper and magazine. "New Titles in the Library," "Reviewing Records," and the "Literary Section" are included along with the regular newspaper features. "Advice to the Lovelorn" gives humor plus advice.

The Red and Black:

This is a very complete little magazine covering literary contributions, sport activities, humor, and contains also an interesting page on the library. "As Years Pass By," evidently a true story, makes us appreciate our own U. S. A.

The Item:

The many splendid illustrations make this magazine, which is published entirely by girls, outstanding. "Our Reviewing Stand," "Fad-shion Plus" and "What We Girls Think About" furnish excellent reading material. From cover to cover, "The Item" is complete in every detail.

Blue Owl:

Good editorials are foremost in this magazine, with sports coming next. Humor is furnished by "Advice to the Freshmen."

The Radiator:

The students of Somerville High School do a marvelous piece of work in producing a magazine complete in every feature of a school publication. The various sections are cleverly illustrated in pen and ink drawings. "The Return" and "The Christmas Seal" are high in literary quality.

The Argus:

This magazine is bursting with short stories, poems, and articles—all of which are well worth reading. School activities and alumni doings are fully covered, and there are many chuckles in the humor section. The many illustrations and snap shots prove interesting.

The Student's Pen:

The art department does a wonderful piece of work in this magazine as proved by the clever cartoons, illustrations and cover designs. "Who's Who" gives brief sketches about outstanding members of the school. The sport events are well covered, and "The Children's Column for Freshmen" certainly provides humor.

W. H. S. Hill Quill:

This is a very interesting magazine with a separate section devoted to each class. However, a good magazine could be made better with a few illustrations.

The Meteor:

This publication from the Berlin, N. H., High School has a varied collection of original short stories. "The Lamp-Lighter" is just one example. The section "Book Reviews" gives short accounts of the latest books, which prove helpful to the students in making a book selection.

The Wampatuck:

"The Wampatuck" contains an excellent literary section, and each article is illustrated with an appropriate drawing. The poetry section is splendid.



EXCERPTS

The Argus:

Dinner guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?" Professor, absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

"We have just about everything on the menu today, sir," said the waitress.

"So I see," said the customer. "How about a clean one?"

* * *

The Blue Owl:

"Where have you been?"

"To the cemetery."

"Anyone dead?"

"All of them."

A. Bullock—"Is the doctor in?"
Secretary—"No, he went for lunch."

Bud—"Will he be in after lunch?"

Sec—"No, that's what he went out after."

* * *

The Student's Pen:

What's an icicle?

I don't know. What?

A drip that got caught in the draft.

* * *

Item:

"Susan Be Smoth is the schoolgirl's delight;

She reads it by day, and she reads it by night.

The lessons it teaches are quite educational;

The results it produces are really sensational!"

* * *

The Oracle:

"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

I walk into the room

And sit at my desk.

Then I look up at the board:

This is the day for the test!

I bite my nails

And groan and sigh.

Some people studied.

Why didn't I?

The teacher comes into the room

The sweat stands on my cheek.

And then the teacher says to us:

"We'll have our test next week!"

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HANCOCK 6474



BOSTON PRINTING COMPANY
Printing that Pays
SEVENTY-TWO BROAD STREET
BOSTON

A man came up to a Polish girl and
asked her a question after which
he said "N'est-Ce Pas?"
(Nes, Pa)

She answered him—"No, Pa"

Teacher: Why is L'escalier (stair-
way) masculine?

Pupil: Because they get walked
over and so do men.

BAYARD TUCKERMAN, Jr.
ROBERT T. FORREST

ARTHUR J. ANDERSON

ROBERT J. DUNKLE, Jr.
JULIUS F. HALLER



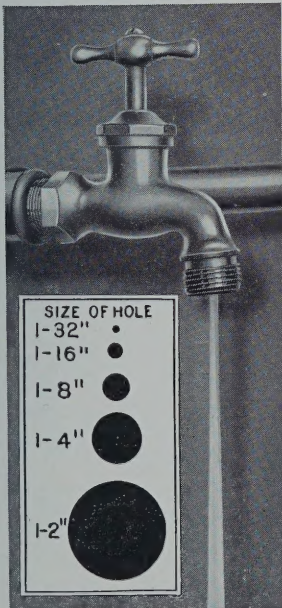
It really doesn't affect your luck one way or the other whether a black cat does or does not cross your path. But it does make a difference if catastrophe occurs and finds you inadequately insured. We suggest you do not trust to luck but be sure your insurance protection is complete, giving you all coverages you need in proper amounts. We shall be glad to help you determine this. Won't you ask our representative to call?

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STOP WASTE!

THE TOWN OF NEEDHAM PROVIDES ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER. IT IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR VERY LIVES. YOU MUST NOT WASTE IT!!

If your water bill seems large investigate your pipes, faucets and toilets for leaks and stop them at once. It will save you money.

Under Needham water pressure, the amount that will pass through holes of the sizes given in the following table will waste the amount of water and the cost to you will be approximately as shown below:

Size of hole	Cubic Ft. per hour	Cost per month
1/32 inch	1.33	\$ 3.74
1/16 inch	5.32	7.48
1/8 inch	21.28	29.92
1/4 inch	85.12	65.82
1/2 inch	340.48	263.28

HERSEY METERS REGISTER EVERY DROP

HERSEY MFG. CO., BOSTON, MASS.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics, Sociology, Psychology, Mathematics, Physics, and English. Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal courses are offered. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts. Admits men and women.

College of Engineering

Offers curricula in Civil, Mechanical (with Aeronautical option), Electrical, Chemical, and Industrial Engineering. Classroom study is supplemented by experiment and research in well-equipped laboratories. Degree: Bachelor of Science in the professional field of specialization. Admits men and women.

College of Business Administration

Offers the following curricula: Accounting, Marketing and Advertising, and Industrial Administration. Each curriculum provides a sound training in the fundamentals of business practice and culminates in special courses devoted to the various professional fields. Degree: Bachelor of Science in Business Administration. Admits men and women.

School of Law

Offers day and evening undergraduate programs leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws. A minimum of one-half of the work accepted for a bachelor's degree in an approved college or its full equivalent is required for admission to this School. Case method of instruction. Admits men and women.

School of Business

Offers curricula *through evening classes* in Accounting, Management, and Engineering and Business, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration in specified fields. Preparation for C.P.A. Examinations, private accounting, and for the various fields of business and industrial management. Short intensive programs may be arranged. Co-educational.

Evening Courses of the College of Liberal Arts

Certain courses of the College of Liberal Arts are offered during evening hours in the fields of Economics, English, History, Government, Mathematics, Psychology, Physics, and Sociology. A special program preparing for admission to the School of Law is also available. The program is equivalent in hours to one-half the requirement for the A.B. or S.B. degree. Associate in Arts title conferred. Special courses may also be arranged. Co-educational.

Co-operative Plan

The Colleges of Liberal Arts, Engineering, and Business Administration are conducted on the co-operative plan. After the freshman year, students, both men and women, may alternate their periods of study with periods of work in the employ of business or industrial concerns at ten-week intervals. Under this plan they gain valuable experience and earn a large part of their college expenses.

Your Guidance Officer — A Friendly Career Counselor

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NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

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